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IMPROVEMENT ERA

Organ of the Seventies and the Young Men's
Mutual Improvement Associations

RICHARD PETERS



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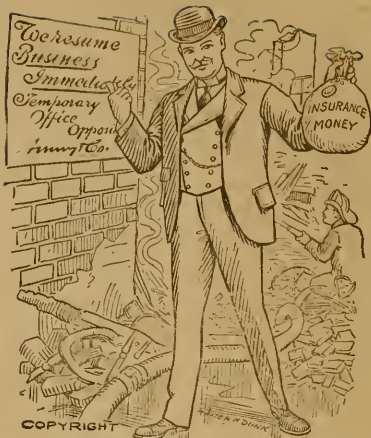
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IMPROVEMENT ERA, AUGUST, 1908.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Practical Prayer and Healing.....	President Joseph F. Smith...	729
Our Pioneer Boys—II. (Illustrated).....	Solomon F. Kimball.....	734
The Joy of Living. A Poem.....	Lon J. Haddock.....	742
Romance of a Missionary—X. Visitors to Eng- land.....	Nephi Anderson	743
Self-Control—III. The Red Tape of Duty	William George Jordan	751
An Experience of the Plains (Illustrated).....	Job Smith.....	754
"I Lift Mine Eyes to the Hills." A Poem.....	Maud Baggarley.....	758
Thoughts of a Farmer—IX. Summer Fallowing.	Dr. Joseph M. Tanner.....	759
For the Increase of Faith.....	762
Missionary's Prayer. A Poem	Annie G. Lauritzen.....	768
Lord of All.....	Dr. James E. Talmage.....	769
Some Utah Birds—III. The Killdeer (Illustrated)	Claude T. Barnes.....	773
The Creation and Growth of Adam.....	William Halls.....	778
Temperance—Inspirations to Progress.....	Heber J. Grant.....	779
Slaves.....	Francis W. Cope.....	790
Oxford and the Rhodes Scholarships (Illustrated).	B. H. Jacobson.....	793
How May a Young Man Gain Success?.....	George D. Kirby.....	803
Editor's Table—Is Speculation a Legitimate Means of Earning a Livelihood?.....	Prest. Joseph F. Smith	806
Truth.....	808
Tracing the Genealogy of Ordination.....	809
Messages from the Missions.....	809
Seventy's Council Table.....	B. H. Roberts.....	814
Mutual Work—Y. M. M. I. A. Statistics—For Mutual Workers—New Superintendents	818
Events and Comments	Edward H. Anderson.....	819

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VOL. XI.

AUGUST, 1908.

No. 10.

PRACTICAL PRAYER AND HEALING.

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

[An address before the evening session of the M. I. A. Conference held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday, June 14, 1908. Reported by F. W. Otterstrom.]

The condition of my head is such that I do not feel much like attempting to make an address here tonight, as I have a bad cold, and so many good things have been said that it seems almost, if not entirely, unnecessary for me to attempt to add anything, or to repeat or refer to anything that has been already said. However, while sitting here, considering that this is the concluding meeting of this memorable conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, the Primary Associations, and other associations, I suppose, more or less present with us, I thought that a few words from the Book of Mormon might be appropriate as concluding advice and counsel, written by the Prophet Moroni:

And now my brethren, I judge these things of you because of your peaceable walk with the children of men;

For I remember the word of God, which saith by their works ye shall know them; for if their works be good, then they are good also.

For behold, God hath said, a man being evil cannot do that which is good; for if he offereth a gift, or prayeth unto God, except he shall do it with real intent, it profiteth him nothing.

For behold, it is not counted unto him for righteousness.

For behold, if a man being evil, giveth a gift, he doeth it grudgingly; wherefore it is counted unto him the same as if he had retained the gift; wherefore he is counted evil before God.

And likewise also it is counted evil unto a man, if he shall pray, and not with real intent of heart, yea, and it profiteth him nothing; for God receiveth none such

Here, indeed, is a text that would give an opportunity to one moved by the proper spirit, to make a telling discourse among the Latter-day Saints—not applicable to all, but applicable to far too many. It is not good for us to pray by rote, to kneel down and repeat the Lord's prayer continually. I think that one of the greatest follies I have ever witnessed is the foolish custom of men repeating the Lord's prayer continually without considering its meaning. The Lord gave this as a pattern to his disciples who were going out into the world to preach the gospel. It was to show them that they were not to use many words, but were to come directly to the Lord, and ask him for the things they might need, consequently one of the specific provisions in that prayer, and the example set, was: "Give us this day our daily bread;" and we see people clothed with plenty, possessed of millions perhaps, and yet, if they pray at all, they repeat simply the Lord's prayer. It thus becomes only a form; there is no power in it; neither is it acceptable, because it is not offered from the heart, nor with the understanding; and I think that it is desirable for us to look well to our words when we call upon the Lord. He hears us in secret, and can reward us openly. We do not have to cry unto him with many words. We do not have to weary him with long prayers. What we do need, and what we should do as Latter-day Saints, for our own good, is to go before him often, to witness unto him that we remember him, and that we are willing to take upon us his name, keep his commandments, work righteousness; and that we desire his Spirit to help us. Then, if we are in trouble, let us go to the Lord and ask him directly and specifically to help us out of the trouble that we are in; and let the prayer come from the heart, let it not be in words that are worn into ruts in the beaten tracks of common use, without thought or feeling in the use of those words. Let us speak the simple words, expressing our need, that will appeal most truly to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. He can hear in secret; and he knows the desires of our

hearts before we ask, but he has made it obligatory, and a duty that we shall call upon his name—that we shall ask that we may receive; and knock that it may be opened to us; and seek that we may find. Hence, the Lord has made it a loving duty that we should remember him, that we should witness unto him morning, noon and night, that we do not forget the giver of every good and perfect gift unto us.

Wherefore, a man being evil, cannot do that which is good; neither will he give a good gift.

For behold, a bitter fountain cannot bring forth good water; neither can a good fountain bring forth bitter water; wherefore a man being a servant of the devil cannot follow Christ; and if he follow Christ, he cannot be a servant of the devil.

Wherefore, all things which are good, cometh of God; and that which is evil cometh of the devil; for the devil is an enemy unto God, and fighteth against him continually, and inviteth and enticeth to sin, and to do that which is evil continually.

But behold that which is of God, inviteth and enticeth to do good continually; wherefore, everything which inviteth and enticeth to do good, and to love God, and to serve him, is inspired of God.

Wherefore take heed, my beloved brethren, that ye do not judge that which is evil to be of God, or that which is good and of God, to be of the devil.

For behold, my beloved brethren, it is given unto you to judge, that ye may know good from evil; and the way to judge is as plain, that ye may know with a perfect knowlege, as the daylight is from the dark night.

For behold, the Spirit of Christ is given to every man, that he may know good from evil; wherefore I show unto you the way to judge; for everything which inviteth to do good and to persuade to believe in Christ, is sent forth by the power and gift of Christ; wherefore ye may know with a perfect knowledge it is of God,

But whatsoever thing persuadeth men to do evil, and believe not in Christ, and deny him, and serve not God, then ye may know with a perfect knowledge it is of the devil, for after this manner doth the devil work, for he persuadeth no man to do good, no not one; neither doth his angels; neither do they who subject themselves unto him.

And now, my brethren, seeing that ye know the light by which ye may judge, which light is the light of Christ, see that ye do not judge wrongfully; for with that same judgment which ye judge, shall ye also be judged.

Wherefore I beseech of you, brethren, that ye should search diligently in the light of Christ, that ye may know good from evil; and if ye will lay hold upon every good thing, and condemn it not, ye certainly will be a child of Christ (Moroni 7: 4-19).

I think that here, in the words that I have read, are some plain finger-boards, some plain, simple guide-posts; and if we, as

Latter-day Saints, believing as we do in the divinity of this book which was translated by the gift and power of God, through the inspiration that came to the Prophet Joseph Smith, would read these words as believing children should read, with understanding, in faith, being sure that God inspired them, and then put them into practice, I think it would not be long before we could do away with appeals to bishops' courts, and high-councils, and with the present necessity for teachers' visits, to try to settle difficulties among Latter-day Saints. I believe every man would be his own judge, for he would judge righteously, because he would judge in the light of Christ, in the light of truth, in the light of justice—not selfishly, not covetously, but in the light that has come from the heavens in the latter day, through revelations from God.

Now, my brethren and sisters, I do not wish to detain you, I believe you have had a profitable time in coming together, and, as Sister Connelly stated at the opening of her remarks, I believe that those who are here, and all those who have attended the conference today, as well as the officers who have attended the previous meetings, will leave feeling satisfied in their labors, and with what has been accomplished during this conference. May the Lord bless you. May peace dwell in your hearts. May love abide in your souls. May the mercy and favor of God abound in your homes and around about you. May the hand of the destroyer be stayed; and may every scourge of sickness and contagious disease be stayed in the midst of the people of God, and abroad in the world, among the elders, who are out in the world preaching the gospel.

It is marvelous to me that so many young men have met with sickness, and that so many, of late, in the missionary fields, have been called home. It does not seem as if this should be, and we marvel at it. I wonder, sometimes, what is the cause. Of course, I do not wish to express an opinion as to the cause of these things, but I fear that some of our brethren who go out into the world to preach the gospel, like some of us who remain at home, are exceedingly unwise in some things they do. I believe that we should exercise wisdom in our labors. We should be cautious about running into danger. We should shun danger and flee from evil. We should avoid making mistakes and falling into error, and, so far as we can, every appearance of sin. When I was on

missions I was called to administer to the sick, who were ill with almost every kind of disease. It was not uncommon that we were called to administer to those who were sick with small pox. For myself I dared not turn away from the call of the sick, and I administered to some of them, when, owing to their appearance, it was almost impossible to tell that they were human beings, for they had the disease in its worst form. My guardians had taken the precaution, in my youth, to have me vaccinated. I took the disease, but had it in mild form, so that it did not leave even a mark upon my body. I am as satisfied as I can be that had it not been for vaccination, I would have had the disease in very bad form. I believe that our elders ought to be vaccinated. Now, I know that this will not be in accordance with some people's views. We receive word that many of our elders, who have failed to attend to this matter, are exposed to the disease and become affected with it; and recently a number of them have had to be taken to the pest-houses to be cared for.

Again, we should live right. We should not fast too long. Some of the elders out in the world, according to intelligence that we have received, have gone days and days without food, fasting, trying to get some testimony or some witness of the Spirit. It is unwise; it is not necessary; and we believe they should not do this; let the testimony of truth come by continuous right-living.

People expose themselves to danger, in many ways, when it could be avoided. We should think of these things, not only in the missionary fields, but at home. We should not run into danger, unless duty calls us there; but if duty calls us, let us do our duty, and leave the result in the hands of Providence.

The Lord bless you, and peace be unto you, my brethren and sisters; may we be united in the gospel; may we love the truth with all our hearts. May we understand the truth as the Master understood it, and as he understands and teaches it to us by the manifestations of his Spirit, that when we act in our callings as teachers and exemplars among the people, we may not be unwise. Let us not go to extremes; let us not get excited, but be calm, and exercise the spirit of truth in wisdom, in all that we do, and not allow ourselves to be carried away by every wind of doctrine, or by the spirits that are gone forth into the world to deceive. This is my admonition, and my prayer for you, in the name of Jesus. Amen.



OUR PIONEER BOYS.

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL.

II.

The first winter spent by the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley was a quiet one. The surrounding tribes of Indians were on their good behavior, as far as the new comers were concerned, although at war with each other. The victorious parties during such wars scalped all the warriors whom they captured or killed. Their custom was to hang these scalps to their scalp-poles which they took great pride in exhibiting. The brave that could show the greatest number was considered the greatest Indian of them all.

The young women and children were held as slaves, and sometimes treated in the most cruel manner. The red men were not long in learning that the Saints were a tender-hearted people, and could not witness such scenes without sympathizing to the uttermost with those who were being tortured. Among the first accounts given by the pioneers of this barbaric treatment is one found in Mary Ellen Kimball's journal from 1847-48, of which the following is a brief extract:

There were a number of Indians camped near the hot springs, north of the fort. They had with them a little girl that had been captured from another tribe. They offered to trade her for a rifle. Fire arms were scarce with the pioneers; besides, it was not good policy to arm these cruel savages who might at any time turn on those who had armed them. The Indians finally began to tor-

ture the little one, at the same time declaring they would kill her unless the rifle was forthcoming. One of our pioneer boys, Charles Decker, whose heart was wrung by witnessing such cruelty, very reluctantly parted with his only gun. He took the little girl home, and gave her to his sister, Clara D. Young.

They named her Sally, and she lived in the family of President Brigham Young until she had grown to womanhood. Afterwards she married a noble and friendly Pauvante chief named Kanosh. She made him a good wife, and did much towards civil-

izing him. He joined the "Mormon" Church and died a faithful Latter-day Saint. That winter several other papposes were purchased under similar circumstances. The Indians lost no time in circulating the news; consequently the market was soon over-run with captive children. The redskins continued to torture them in the presence of the Saints, and to put a stop to this unnecessary cruelty the pioneers made great sacrifices, in order to purchase these innocent sufferers. Enoch Reese bought three, President Woodruff, one. The



Viroque.

Kimball family rescued three by purchase. In fact all leading families that could possibly spare the means traded for one or more. Once in a while the big-hearted merchant, Thomas S. Williams, would load a pack train with Indian trinkets which he traded to the different tribes for captive papposes. For a reasonable amount he sold them to the settlers. He presented to his daughter, Mrs. David P. Kimball, a handsome little girl by the name of Viroque. She became a first-class housekeeper, and, when grown, married a much respected white man, and had one child by him. She was of the Piede tribe, located

south of the Colorado river. William H. Kimball traded a horse for a little boy he named Dave. A year or two later, the child's mother, while passing through Salt Lake, happened to discover her long-lost child. She was so overjoyed at finding him that William's heart was touched, and he let her have her darling boy. In later years the lad became prominent among the people of his tribe and was the means of saving Mr. Kimball's life, while the latter was out in the mountains surrounded by hostile Indians. Dave finally became chief of his tribe, and is now living on the Indian farm in



Dave Kimball, Age 61, and Wife.

Skull Valley. He still goes by the name of Dave Kimball, and never fails to visit the older members of the Kimball family when he comes to Salt Lake.

The following is from President Brigham Young's journal, which goes to show how little regard the red men had for their slaves:

The Utah Indian Chief Walker died at Meadow Creek, January 29, 1855, of lung fever. His brother, Arrowpene, was made chief. When Walker was very sick he told his band to kill Pa-Utes and horses, thinking that would alleviate his suffering, but when he had killed two Pa-Ute children, he was not relieved. When nearly dead he told his people not to kill any horses or Pa-Utes at his death. After ten days illness, he died, and the Indians killed two Pa-Ute squaws, three children, a boy of twenty, and twenty horses.

Walker's warriors built a stone wall around his grave, and put a pappoose inside of the inclosure to be a servant to the deceased chief after he had reached the happy hunting ground. The settlers in that neighborhood could hear the child crying and moaning day and night until it died for want of food and water. They dared not go near the place, as such a move would probably have brought death to them all. The traffic in papposes was kept up for a number of years. The Latter-day Saints finally convinced the Indians that the Great Spirit was displeased with them, on account of this cruel treatment to their captives, and the custom gradually died out.

Civilization was hard on these purchased children, and most of them died young, although a number, mostly males, are still living. The females made good housekeepers, and the males were quite industrious, doing their share of outside work. After they became civilized they naturally despised their own people. Most of them were honest and virtuous, but the boys loved "fire water."

For several years after the pioneers arrived in the valley, the Indians camped on the hills just back of W. S. McCornick's residence. When any one of their number died, they made the nights hideous with their yells, songs and moans. They hacked their limbs with knives and sharp rocks, torturing themselves in various ways. Their principal burying ground, in the neighborhood of Salt Lake, was just north and west of where the Lafayette school house is now located. Hundreds of skeletons were unearthed in that vicinity by the citizens who reburied them in a more suitable

place. The Indians were very impudent, and stole almost everything they could lay their hands on, even packing off stray children, once in a while. The new comers had to use a great deal of wisdom and patience to prevent the Indians from going on the war path. The authorities were continually warning the Saints against



One of the Indian captives purchased by Titus Billings, the pioneer of Sanpete Valley; now residing in Salt Lake City with V. L. Halliday, at whose home she has lived for thirty years.

doing anything that would cause a rupture. There were two powerful tribes, in the north and east: Bannocks and Shoshones. On the east, south and west were the Utes, Pa-Utes, Goshe Utes, Weber Utes, Pauvantes, besides several other tribes. Walker was the first chief to declare war against the pioneers. The first skirmish took place during the spring of 1849, in Battle Creek canyon, just southeast of Pleasant Grove. Chief Kone, called "Roman Nose," lead the fight. Our boys soon routed them, killing five of Walker's Indians, and never lost a man. Lieutenant William H. Kimball had the horn of his saddle punctured with a bullet, and several of the Minute Men had their horses shot from under them.

For the next eighteen years our pioneer boys had plenty to do. First one tribe and then another would become hostile. Those were days of trials and treaties. These treaties were made in different parts of the territory, but most generally in Salt Lake City. When the chiefs came to the latter place, for what purpose, they generally camped on the 16th ward square.

Sometimes, during the early fifties, they camped on the vacant lot west of where the Gardo House stands. Dimick B. Huntington nearly always acted as interpreter, as he spoke the Indian language fluently, and was well liked by the red men. His house was generally crowded with Indians from one year's end to another. Those were busy and trying times for Uncle Dimick. The settlers had more trouble with the Utes, under Chief Walker, than with any other tribe. He was a terror to the Indians as well as the whites, and was always fomenting trouble.

The following note from President Brigham Young to Chief Walker shows how honorable and patient the authorities were with this blood-thirsty savage, as well as with other rebellious chiefs:

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY,

July 25, 1853.

Captain Walker:—I send you some tobacco for you to smoke in the mountains when you get lonesome. You are a fool for fighting your best friends, for we are the best friends and only friends that you have in the world. Everybody else would kill you if they could get a chance. If you get hungry send some friendly Indians down to the settlements and we will give you some beef-cattle and flour. If you are afraid of the tobacco which I

send you, you can let some of your prisoners try it first and then you will know that it is good. When you get good natured again I would like to see you. Don't you think you would be ashamed? You know that I have always been your friend.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Many times our pioneer boys have taken their lives in their own hands while carrying such messages into the stronghold of hostile Indians. There were many honest and noble chiefs among the surrounding tribes. Among them were Washakie, chief of



Gebow and his Squaw.

the Shoshones; Souiette, king of the Utah nation; and Kanosh, chief of the Pauvantes. It was no unusual sight, in those days, to see Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and other leading men, sitting around in a circle with twelve or fifteen chiefs, smoking the pipe of peace. While the smoking was going on they would cross their



Washakie—A Portrait Presented to G. B. Kelly and Herman Pfeiffer, Nov. 10, 1896, at Fort Washakie, Wyo., by the noted Chief himself.

legs, Indian fashion, as they sat on the grass. Hours would first be spent in going over in detail all important matters pertaining to their troubles. When they arrived at an understanding, an old-fashioned clay-pipe was brought forth and filled with tobacco. The smoking would then commence in earnest. The pipe was passed from one to another, and each one in his turn took several good whiffs. Before it had gotten around, they would have to refill it several times, as some of the red skins would keep it until they were almost lost in smoke. After the council of peace was dissolved, the gathering always wound up with a big feast which frequently took place on the 16th ward square, in front of Uncle Dimick's residence. A couple of beef steers were generally killed for the occasion, cut into chunks, and put into two or three large kettles. After the meat had been boiled, a couple of wagon



Joseph Walker, Chief of the Utahs, and Arrowpene, his Successor and Brother. From the *Liverpool Route*.

loads of bread, vegetables, and other eatables, were dumped out onto the grass. Then the pow-wow commenced. All the male Indians for miles around came together, and the feast lasted as long as any food remained. The chiefs would then return to their wigwam homes, with a broad smile on their faces that made the onlookers rejoice. The authorities would then send to the Indians' headquarters several beef cattle, some loads of flour, tobacco, calico, and trinkets of various kinds. Peace then reigned supreme, as far as that tribe was concerned, until they ran out of supplies. The war whoop came next, then another treaty, pipe of peace, big feast, more supplies, broad smiles, and so it continued from year to year. Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE JOY OF LIVING.

(For the Improvement Era.)

O, for the joy of living!
When we learn to live the whole time,
Content with our lot, with what it hath brought,
As part of the plan sublime.
Not indulging our joys for a season,
Then plunging deep into despair;
Concluding, perchance, in our dense ignorance,
Some other hath more than his share.
And reviling at fate that hath placed us
Within such a circumscribed sphere;
While others acquire all the heart could desire
Of riches, and comfort and cheer.
Nor wasting the time idly wishing
For luck to come smiling our way.
But striving to show how to live as we go,
As if each were our very last day.
Ah, how many live in the future!
And dream precious lifetimes away;
Ever failing to see Now is Eternity,
For the present is with us for aye.
Then O for the joy of living!
To be right in the midst of things;
And to labor, meanwhile, in a spirit and style,
That will make of us priests and kings.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

LON. J. HADDOCK.

ROMANCE OF A MISSIONARY.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING,"
"THE CASTLE BUILDER," ETC.

X.

VISITORS TO ENGLAND.

It was hard for Willard to decide whether or not he should accept Elder Donaldson's invitation to visit Liverpool, and meet the steamer which carried such important visitors to England.

The very evening after he had listened to Elder Donaldson's story, he had received a letter from home wherein he learned that the Grace Wells who was coming to Europe was the one he knew. This certainly did not help him with his own uncertainty; and as he reasoned with himself he could not help feeling "somewhat peculiar" at the prospect before him of meeting under such strange conditions the Grace Wells of his boyhood dreams.

But he at least decided that he would not act foolishly in the matter. He was old enough to do the proper thing, even if this renewal of acquaintance with his young lady friend should not prove a pleasant experience. There were Elder Donaldson, his wife and sister to consider; besides, it might be possible that Grace Wells had, with the addition of years, added that to her character which he thought she had lacked years ago. And so Elder Donaldson's invitation was accepted.

Willard was happy to learn of his friend's "luck." Elder Donaldson had been in the field two and a half years, and he would no doubt be released, so that he could take his sight-seeing trip free from the thought that he was neglecting any duty. "I wish I could go with them," he thought; but instantly put it away as

some great pleasure which lay far beyond his reach; so that he had no envious feeling towards his friends.

Willard had been in the field nearly two years. The mission president had often tried to impress the elders with the truth that two years was not necessarily a mission period; and yet, somehow, many of the elders felt as if every month over two years was good measure added to their missions. Willard was enjoying his work very much. He realized that he was now more useful than he had ever been before, and that a month at the latter end of a mission is worth two at the beginning; he, therefore, had no desire to be released yet.

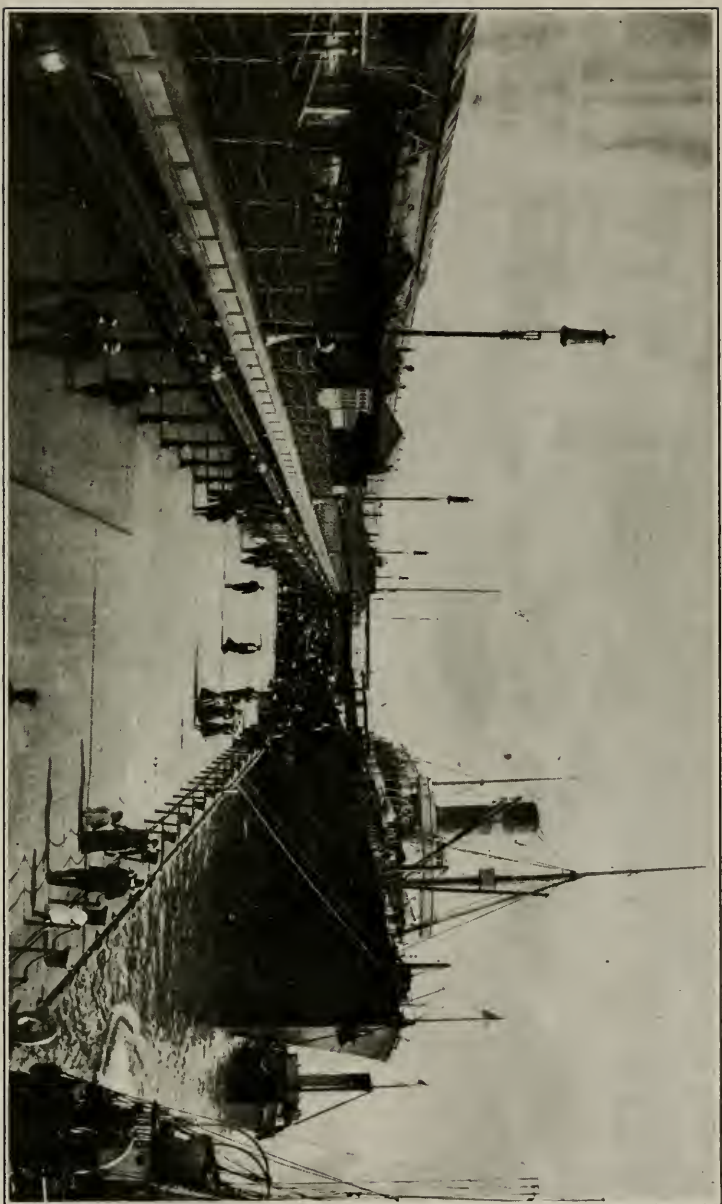
After Elder Donaldson's departure, Willard went back to work in earnest. He always felt as though he must work doubly hard after he had spent a day or two of sight-seeing, although he also realized that time spent in helping a visiting elder was not wasted.

Dwight Thornton was a frequent visitor to the elders' lodgings, and recently he had attended a number of meetings. He had obtained employment, and as far as the missionaries could see, he was trying hard to reform. Nora Loring lived with her brother. She was now a regular attendant at the "Mormon" meetings. She often brought her sister-in-law with her, but her brother never could be prevailed upon to attend. He was "saved" to the end, and that without the "works of the law," as he explained.

Willard went to Bradford a week before the steamer which he was to meet was due. He spent a few days happily with Elder Donaldson visiting Saints and friends. The Sisters Fernley at Stonedale were the same kind friends. Sister Fernley seemed to be much older; Bessie was the same lively talkative girl; and Elsa had become a little more reserved. She was, however, the same lovely girl, good and true and beautiful.

Try as he would, the "somewhat peculiar" feeling which Willard experienced when thinking about Grace Wells became very much intensified the nearer he drew to the Liverpool Landing stage. The morning that the two elders set out from Bradford to Liverpool, they found it difficult to do much taking. Elder Donaldson was, of course, supremely happy. It would have been hard for Willard to say whether he was happy or not.

At the Church office at Liverpool, they obtained tickets ad-



The Liverpool Landing.

mitting them to the part of the Landing Stage reserved for the incoming steamers. They crowded through the throng of people up to the rope barrier, gave up their tickets to the big policeman on guard, and were admitted on to the cleared space. The steamer was out in the river, and by the aid of a tug was slowly making its way up to the Stage. As it drew nearer, the passengers could be seen on the decks, eagerly looking towards the land. Elder Donaldson scanned the crowd closely, and once or twice thought he caught a glimpse of his folks.

Slowly the huge vessel came alongside the Stage. Ropes were thrown from the ship to the men in the small boats that lay a few rods out ready to receive them. Having secured the ropes, the men rowed back to the pier with the heavy cables in tow, a loop of which they threw over the stanchion. The windlass on board the steamer wound the rope around its iron drum, and in this way the vessel was drawn closely up and made fast.

The people on board pressed against the railing. They stood dressed in their "land clothes," with bags and trunks piled around them on the deck. The big platform on the Stage was properly adjusted, the gang plank was pushed out to the ship and made fast, and then the steam-ship company's officers rushed across on board. An elder from the Liverpool office went with these officers to give proper instructions to the company of missionaries that were on board.

Elder Donaldson soon discovered his wife and sister, and greeted them from the pier.

"Do you hear the American language?" asked Willard.

"Yes; I would not believe that we Americans speak so through our noses, had I not heard it."

First came the saloon passengers down the passage way and into the custom house, then the second class, and lastly the third. The "Mormons" were among the second class. Willard looked closely among them for Grace Wells, but he could not see her until they came down the gang-plank. Then he noticed a third lady, well wrapped up, and supported by one of the missionaries. She came down the steps slowly, and when she reached the platform Grace Wells stood before him. Yes, it was the same Grace. She had changed very little, it seemed to Willard. She held out

her hand to him and appeared pleased to see him. Her face was pale, as if she were not well, but she smiled as she told them she would be all right now that she had reached land again.

"Grace has been ill--in fact is ill now," explained Sister Donaldson. "She must get to some place where she can rest before she can go on to Berlin."

"I know such a place," replied Willard--"Sister Fernley's."

"Just the place," said Elder Donaldson.

After the inspection of the baggage, which is a very simple affair at Liverpool, Willard called a cab to take them to the station. They decided it would be better for Grace to get out to Stonedale at once, and not take part in the crowd and rush incident to the arrival of the missionaries at the Church office. So farewells were said. It is wonderful how strong the attachments become between fellow travelers on a nine days' ocean voyage; and this is especially true between Latter-day Saints. The three ladies were called "the girls," and the missionaries, "the boys." They were all from the West, and had western ways and manners. Many of the "boys" wore their slouch hats pulled well down over their ears, and it could not be successfully contradicted that *some* of the girls chewed gum and talked with a pronounced nasal twang. However, who would be so bold as to find fault with the unpolished edges of diamonds in the rough?

The five had a compartment to themselves in the train to Bradford, and in that cozy condition the newness of acquaintanceship soon wore off. Elder Donaldson, of course, was all beams and smiles, as was also his wife. Amy was not so demonstrative, taking it all as a matter of course. This was not her first trip away from home. She had "traveled" before. She could not understand why she could not check her trunks and cases, and her brother had to assure her that there would be no trouble in getting them at the other end.

All that would be necessary would be to engage a porter to get them from the "luggage van" and put them on the cab.

"Will they give him our baggage without any checks?" she asked.

"Oh, we just go along and pick out what is ours," was the reply.

"Well, but suppose someone else should get there first and

claim our baggage. There is no reason why a thief shouldn't take the whole lot. I don't understand."

"Nor I, my dear; but that's the way they do it in England, and I haven't yet heard of any baggage lost in that way."

Grace was made comfortable with pillows in a corner of the compartment. Willard did for her what he could well do without appearing over-solicitous. *That* he had determined not to be. He had resolved to hold himself in proper check, no matter how she might affect him. She leaned back on her pillows and closed her eyes, and Willard could see that she was even worse than she seemed to be. She appeared to him about the same girl whom he had known. She had not changed much. She was older, of course, and her beauty was more of the matured kind; but, strangely enough, it was not this that appealed to Willard. Rather, it was the girl of former days, that could yet be seen in the form and face and voice, that touched his tender heart that day.

It was yet early in the afternoon when they reached Bradford, and so it was decided to go directly out to Stonedale. There were a goodly number of Saints in the city that would be pleased to entertain the visitors for a few days, but Grace must be looked after first. They, therefore, all went with her in the carriage which Elder Donaldson had engaged.

"But what will they think of us, coming upon them like this?" said Sister Donaldson.

"They will be delighted," her husband assured her.

Amy couldn't "see it," and even Grace murmured a faint expostulation.

"You girls cannot understand it," I know, said Elder Donaldson; "but I tell you that Sister Fernley will consider it a great pleasure. We are not bound by strict society rules in the mission field, you must understand. If so, what would we poor elders do who sometimes travel without purse or scrip? In your visiting, do you always send your card ahead of you, eh, Willard?"

It was as Elder Donaldson had said. Sister Fernley received them most graciously, and would have gladly housed all the girls; but Sister Donaldson and Amy would not listen to that. Grace, however, was "mothered" in a sweet way; and the sick girl's heart went out to the gentle, pleasant-faced woman. They had not long

to wait before Elsa came home from her school, and she too added her welcome to that of her mother's. Bessie came in later—came into the house in, for her, a quiet way. There was a simple "tea" quietly arranged for all, and even Grace was tempted to eat one of the dainty slices of buttered bread.

Elder Donaldson went back to Bradford with his wife and sister, promising to call the next day.

"You will not be lonesome, will you, dear?" asked Sister Donaldson of Grace before she left.

"I feel at home already," she replied. "I think a few days of rest will be all I need, and then I shall be able to go on my way."

"I hope so, dear—these people are very good."

Willard did not go back to Bradford. He was to remain at Stonedale that night, so he was in no hurry to leave. The spring day closed with a cool wind, and a fire was made in the grate. Grace rested easily in the cheerful warmth, and while the sisters of the household were busy with home duties, Willard and Grace talked of affairs at home. He remained until he saw that she was quite tired, and then he bade them all good-night and left.

The next day Grace felt better, though she was prevailed upon to keep to her bed for a time.

When Elders Dean and Donaldson called in the afternoon they administered to her, and she thanked them sweetly for the blessing which she said she had received. On the following day the sick girl was feeling so well that she was down stairs again. Elder Donaldson had received his release, and as Amy especially was anxious to get to Paris on a certain date, they decided to set out immediately. Willard was to remain in Bradford and Stonedale a few days.

"We'll see you in Berlin," they said to Grace as they left.

But Grace Wells' musical education was not to be completed in Berlin. On the third day of her stay at Stonedale, fever set in. Her friends nursed her as carefully as they knew how, and used in connection with their faith and prayers all the simple remedies which they knew; but the fever and the weakness increased, and then Willard brought a doctor, who was a good friend to the elders, to see her. He pronounced it a case of typhoid fever.

Good, careful nursing, said he, was what was needed; and the good Saints of Stonedale under the supervision of Sister Fernley

provided it. Her traveling companions had gone, and Willard felt that she had no nearer friend than him. He ought to remain with her. They were neighbors at home, and why should he not be her neighbor now, to the full extent of Christ's interpretation of that term? He wrote to the president, explaining the situation and the reply was that he should stay.

The dreaded fever ran its course to the critical period. Sister Fernley was not strong, and therefore could not do much; Bessie's work at the mills prevented her from helping a great deal; and so Elsa soon became the chief nurse. She spent all her spare time at the sick girl's side. She watched far into the night, and none seemed able to soothe the fever-racked brain as well as she. Willard did what he could, and he acknowledged that that was not much. He tried to do some missionary work, but he found that his mind was rather on the pale-faced girl who lay fever-tossed at Stonedale. All his faith and all his prayers went out for her. And yet he said to himself, as he walked alone in the lanes across the near-by fields, why should it be so? Was he losing control of himself again as he had done once before, years ago? There was not a particle of reason for his thinking of Grace Wells other than as a friend. He would do his simple duty, and let that suffice.

But if he thought to deceive himself, he could not deceive others. Elsa Fernley read what was in his inner heart as easily as if it had been printed in an open book. He would come and sit by the hour in the Fernley home, talking when he could to the mother or to the girls—and the burden of his talk was the sick girl up stairs. Sister Fernley was worn out, and yet Willard did not notice it. Elsa's usually rosy cheeks took on the nature of her patient's, but the change was lost on Willard. His one concern was Grace Wells, plainly evident to all but himself.

The fever ran its course, and the patient took the turn for the better. The recovery was slow. The weeks went by. The English summer came, with its beauty of green and flowers. When Grace was able to sit up, she loved to look out of the window over the fields and lanes; and then Willard Dean came and sat by her and talked to her. If Elsa was in the room she would usually slip out quietly and leave them alone; and yet the stupid Willard did not even notice this.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SELF-CONTROL.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

III.—THE RED TAPE OF DUTY.

Duty is the most over-lauded word in the whole vocabulary of life. Duty is the cold, bare anatomy of righteousness. Duty looks at life as a debt to be paid; love sees life as a debt to be collected. Duty is ever paying assessments; love is constantly counting its premiums.

Duty is forced, like a pump; love is spontaneous, like a fountain. Duty is prescribed and formal; it is part of the red tape of life. It means running on moral rails. It is good enough as a beginning; it is poor as a finality.

The boy who "stood on the burning deck," and who committed suicide on a technical point of obedience, has been held up to the school children of this century as a model of faithfulness to duty. The boy was the victim of the blind adherence to the red tape of duty. He was placing the whole responsibility for his acts on some one outside himself. He was helplessly waiting for instruction in the hour of emergency when he should have acted for himself. His act was an empty sacrifice. It was a useless throwing away of a human life. It did no good to the father, to the boy, to the ship or to the nation.

The captain who goes down with his sinking vessel, when he has done everything in his power to save others, and when he can save his own life without dishonor, is the victim of a false sense of duty. He is cruelly forgetful of the loved ones on shore that he is

* From *Self-Control; its Kingship and Majesty*. Copyright 1889 and 1905 by Fleming H. Revell Company.

sacrificing. His death means a spectacular exit from life, the cowardly fear of an investigating committee, or a brave man's loyal, yet misguided, sense of duty. A human life, with its wondrous possibilities, is too sacred an individual trust to be thus lightly thrown into eternity.

They tell us of the "sublime nobleness" of the Roman soldier of Pompeii, whose skeleton was found centuries afterward, imbedded in the once molten lava which swept down upon the doomed city. He was still standing at one of the gates at his post of duty still grasping a sword in his crumbling fingers. His was a morbid faithfulness to discipline from which a great convulsion of Nature released him. An automaton would have stood there just as long, just as boldly, just as uselessly.

The man who gives one hour of his life to loving, consecrated service to humanity is doing higher, better, truer work in the world than an army of Roman sentinels paying useless tribute to the red tape of duty. There is in this interpretation of duty no sympathy with the man who deserts his post when needed; it is but a protest against losing the essence, the realness of true duty in worshipping the mere form.

Analyze, if you will, any of the great historic instances of loyalty to duty, and whenever they ring true you will find the presence of the real element that made the act almost divine. It was duty,—plus love. It was no mere sense of duty that made Grace Darling risk her life in the awful storm of sixty years ago, when she set out in the darkness of night, on a raging sea, to rescue the survivors of the wreck of *The Forfarshire*. It was the sense of duty, warmed and vivified by a love of humanity, it was heroic courage of a heart filled with divine pity and sympathy.

Duty is a hard, mechanical process for making men do things that love would make easy. It is a poor understudy to love. It is not a high enough motive with which to inspire humanity. Duty is the body to which love is the soul. Love, in the divine alchemy of life, transmutes all duties into privileges all responsibilities into joys.

The workman who drops his tools at the stroke of twelve, as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning, may be doing his

duty,—but he is doing nothing more. No man has made a great success of his life or a fit preparation for immortality by doing merely his duty. He must do that—and more. If he puts love into his work, the “more” will be easy.

The nurse may watch faithfully at the bedside of a sick child as a duty. But to the mother's heart the care of the little one, in the battle against death, is never a duty; the golden mantle of love thrown over every act makes the word “duty” have a jarring sound, as if it were the voice of desecration.

When a child turns out badly in later years, the parent may say, “Well, I always did my duty by him.” Then it is no wonder the boy turned out wrong. “Doing his duty by his son,” too often implies merely food, lodging, clothes and education supplied by the father. Why a public institution would give that! What the boy needed most was deep draughts of love; he needed to live in an atmosphere of sweet sympathy, counsel and trust. The parent should ever be an unfailing refuge, a constant resource and inspiration, not a mere larder or hotel, or wardrobe or school that furnishes these necessities free. The empty boast of mere parental duty is one of the dangers of modern society.

Christianity stands forth as the one religion based on love, not duty. Christianity sweeps all duties into one word,—love. Love is the one great duty enjoined by the Christian religion. What duty creeps to laboriously, love reaches in a moment on the wings of a dove. Duty is not lost, condemned or destroyed in Christianity; it is dignified, purified and exalted, and all its rough ways are made smooth by love.

The supreme instance of generosity in the world's history is not the giving of millions by some one of great name; it is the giving of a mite by a widow whose name does not appear. Behind the widow's mite was no sense of duty; it was the full, free and perfect gift of a heart filled with love. In the Bible “duty” is mentioned but five times; “love” hundreds.

In the conquest of any weakness in our mental or moral make-up; in the attainment of any strength; in our highest and truest relation to ourselves and to the world, let us ever make “love” our watchword; not mere “duty.”

If we desire to live a life of truth and honesty, to make our

word as true as our bond, let us not expect to keep ourselves along the narrow line of truth under the constant lash of the whip of duty. Let us begin to love the truth, to fill our mind and life with the strong white light of sincerity and sterling honesty. Let us love the truth so strongly that there will develop within us, without our conscious effort, an ever-present horror of a lie.

If we desire to do good in the world, let us begin to love humanity, to realize more truly the great dominant note that sounds in every mortal, despite all the discords of life, the great natural bond of unity that makes all men brothers. Then jealousy, malice, envy, unkind words and cruel misjudging will be eclipsed and lost in the sunshine of love. The greatest triumph of the nineteenth century, is not its marvelous progress in invention; its strides in education; its conquests of the dark regions of the world: the spread of a higher mental tone throughout the earth; the wondrous increase in material comfort and wealth,—the greatest triumph of the century is not any nor all of these; it is the sweet atmosphere of Peace that is covering the nations; it is the growing closer and closer of the peoples of the earth. Peace is but the breath, the perfume, the life of love. Love is the wondrous angel of life that rolls away all the stones of sorrow and suffering from the pathway of duty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUNSET.

Roll, roll, roll!

Wild waves of old ocean, roll!

Embosomed and hot on your heaving breast,

On the silvery sheen of your billowy crest,

The feverish sun as he sinks to rest,

Burns like a red, red coal.

THEO. E. CURTIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

AN EXPERIENCE OF THE PLAINS.

BY JOB SMITH, A PIONEER OF 1848.

It might interest the readers of the ERA to learn of a rather novel experience which myself and others had about the 6th and 8th of August, 1854. I was captain of a train of forty wagons bringing English emigrants from Kansas City to Salt Lake City.

At the date named, we took our noon halt a few miles east of Laramie, halting near the road. Between the road and the Platte river, at a distance of several hundred yards from the road, was a very large encampment of Indians, said to be two or three thousand strong who were quite friendly. From the road we could see a large bowery, roofed and walled up with branches of green trees, in which evidently there was "something doing." Out of curiosity myself and Elder Martel walked over, and, meeting with no opposition, stood in the doorway where we were surprised to see inside the bowery a very strange sight, and to hear strange music.

What was said to be a sacrifice was being offered, and a ghost-or other kind of dance was being performed.

Looking straight in from the doorway was an Indian, standing a few yards away, naked, except the usual "clout." Around him were four posts, about four or five feet apart, each set in the ground and secured in place at the top, forming the four corners of a square, the Indian in the middle. Securely tied into the Indian's skin, back of each shoulder and upper arm, back of each hip and front of thigh, were strong buckskin strings, (eight altogether) each string passed upwards nearly tight to one of the posts and was securely tied to it; thus each post received two strings, so that the Indian could not move without pulling on the strings. This was called the sacrifice. Beyond him a few feet were a half circle of

other Indians standing, also naked, a dozen or so—each one, also the sacrifice, having a flute or whistle in his hands.

To the left, in a corner, was a tanned Buffalo skin stretched tight by two pegs driven into the ground. Beside it sat an Indian to beat time with a small club. As he struck the drum, each Indian in the half circle, together with the sacrifice, would jump, and simultaneously blow their whistles, which was timed by the drum about one second apart. This, kept up a half minute or more, would then cease for perhaps another half minute. Then start again. We were informed that this exercise had been already continued twenty-four hours without intermission, and was intended to be continued until the "sacrifice" should become so exhausted as to fall down and tear every string out of his body. The other whistlers were there for his encouragement.

After fully satisfying our curiosity, we returned to our camp and moved along on our journey.

Following us some hours afterward was another train of emigrants, which made camp for the night, not very far from the locality aforesaid. One of their cows becoming lame was left behind to rest, with a view of returning for her later when she had become able.

But in the meantime, an Indian from the big camp, finding the cow alone, killed her and took the meat to the Indian camp. The emigrant, on going back after the cow, not finding her, went straight to the Fort and complained of the Indians for stealing his cow, whereupon the commander at the Fort ordered out a posse of twenty men to go and make claim for the cow. What specific orders were given to the officer in command of the posse is not known, but the story goes that there was a log shanty in the vicinity where whiskey was dispensed to soldiers, traders, or emigrants; and the "command," on their way to the Indian camp, paid this place a fraternal visit and became unusually braced up for a contest about the cow. Instead of being satisfied with pay for the cow, which the Indian offered, the claim was made for the Indian to be given up to the military for punishment for stealing the cow. To this the Indians objected and refused positively to give the man up. A row followed; the officer either himself fired or commanded one of his men to do so, which he did, killing it is said

one of the chiefs; whereupon the Indians, maddened with revenge, poured a shower of arrows at the poor soldiers, killing seventeen of them on the spot. The Indians then pulled up their encampment and moved across the river.

The news of this horrible affair reached my company the next forenoon, as we were climbing a long hill on our way, the messenger warning us to prepare for defense, as the Indians were mad. There was, however, but one thing for us to do, and that was to make as good haste as possible to a camping place and be prepared for what might happen.

Very provokingly, on our way before reaching a camp ground, one of our wagons broke down, and a stay was necessary to repair the wagon and protect, if necessary, the inmates. However, we got safely to camp and spent a very nervously watchful night.



Guarding the Train, 1867.

Next morning we were agreeably surprised by being informed by another messenger that the Indians were peaceable, but that the safest plan was to make the best possible time, in making distance between us and possible danger.

Before the last messenger arrived, however, we were somewhat frightened by seeing large volumes of smoke arise from the eastward which inclined us to think the Indians were destroying the fort by fire, and would thus be liable to follow us for vengeance. But no damage to emigrants was reported, only the loss of a sore-footed cow.

Sugar House, U'tah.

"I LIFT MINE EYES TO THE HILLS."

(For the Improvement Era.)

Along the road in the valley
I stumble thro' dust and heat,
O'er stones that bruise and hinder
My weary, lagging feet.

The burden of life is heavy,
I think, as I plod along,
Then lift my eyes to the mountains;
And their glory makes me strong!

Majestic heights that reach above me,
Where the purple shadows fall,
With eternal snows upon them,
And God's silence over all.

Then I praise the God of mountains,
And my heart bursts forth in song,
And I cheer my weaker brother;
And the way seems not so long.

For the peace, that once was promised
To my weary heart, is given,
And I know that all my trials
Are to fit my soul for heaven.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Waterloo, Utah.

THOUGHTS OF A FARMER.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

IX.—SUMMER-FALLOWING.

In farming, in Southern Alberta, especially where wheat is practically the only crop, and where moisture is very scarce, we practice what is called summer-fallowing; that is, the ground is planted to wheat only every other year. Alternate summers it is summer-fallowed by plowing, disking and harrowing, so as to keep, in the first place, as much moisture in the soil as possible, and in the second place, to expose as much of the soil as possible to the action of the oxygen and carbonic acid of the air.

If ground were sowed to crop every season, it would soon become deficient in plant food and also in moisture, so that the plants would have less to eat and less to drink. Plants must eat and drink if they are to grow well, just as human beings eat and drink to make them grow.

Did it ever occur to you that men sometimes go along through life exercising, all the time, their powers in one direction without any rest, or without any change? The work they do makes a constant demand on their natures, until in time their powers diminish and a process of stagnation sets in, and they become dry and crisp just like a stock of wheat that lacks both plant-food and moisture.

Have you ever noticed such men in life? Sometimes we say of them, they have fallen into a rut. Of course, people get their growth as a rule by the time they are twenty-one years of age, but that growth refers to their physical nature. They may grow after they become of age, spiritually and intellectually. They may develop grand qualities of the heart, and develop the most beautiful and broadening attributes which God made possible in the human soul.

Now, men who have a fixed vocation in life, and have set their minds upon a single purpose, and pursue that purpose relentlessly day by day throughout their entire lives, naturally become hardened and narrow. Many of the beautiful qualities which God gave to human life dry up and wither away, and they are therefore in a very starved condition. You see, sometimes, men upon the streets who are lank and lean, who are so withered up physically that you say a gust of wind would blow them away. It is easy to pick out such men wherever you meet them, because the physical eye detects the physical withering of the body; but there are other men who have plump, round bodies, but who have withered souls and withered minds. There is wanting in them friendship, love, charity, sympathy, sometimes even sociability.

What is the trouble with those men? The scientific farmer will tell you that they need summer-fallowing. They need a rest. They must have a changed condition. How is this changed condition to come to them? They must support their families, and they imagine, therefore, that they must pursue, day by day, without rest or change, the single occupation to which they are devoting their lives. It is true that the wife and children must have bread to eat, but, after all, man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. As a rule, it may be safe to say that the life of a man so hardened and so limited, however much bread it may bring to the house, brings little love, sympathy, charity and heartfelt cordiality. Men, therefore, should change their course of life, for a season at least, and allow the air and the sunshine of heaven to penetrate their being, and give an increased supply of food to their better lives.

Just stop and think of Nature's ways.—how we must yield to her demands, or she shuts off our supplies. So it is with God's ways in respect to the human being. We must yield to his regulations or we shut off from our souls the spiritual powers which he gives us, and the attributes of his life cease to be the attributes of ours. Stop and think for a moment how he has dealt in the past with his people, how he deals with them now, how he changes their circumstances, how he permits them to be driven, how they are called upon missions, and undergo a process of

spiritual summer-fallowing, that their souls may take on a new life, food; that the air and moisture of heaven may work spiritual changes in them, as they work chemical changes in the soil.

The school teacher might say that the farmer was giving his land a year's vacation, that is exactly what he is doing, but that vacation is not mere idleness. It is a period in which nature is given an opportunity to work, to supply that which in the soil has been exhausted. Now, some men take out of their lives all meditation. They have no time to dream; they have no time to open their souls to new and beautiful impressions. The result is their souls dry up and wither away. The finer qualities of life are taken out of them in some pursuit that controls and enslaves them. They cease to be the masters of toil, and are subservient creatures of an exacting and hardening labor.

I once heard a conversation something like this: A——, addressing B——, wondered how B—— managed to provide food and raiment for the large family whose care B—— was responsible for. B—— replied that he found it easier to provide food and raiment, than he did to provide contentment, love, happiness, and good cheer. He found that it was quite easy for him, in the customs and spirit of the age, to drift into the rut of material existence and neglect the spiritual and intellectual attributes of what is, after all, the higher and better life. In the modern struggle for financial supremacy, men are losing some of the best and most beautiful qualities of life. What thousands of men, therefore, need, more than anything else in the world, is the process of summer-fallowing, some time for meditation, for the unfolding of their human nature in such a manner as to receive those divine attributes which the atmosphere of heaven would distil upon their souls, were their lives left free and open to receive them.

Alberta, Canada.

FOR THE INCREASE OF FAITH.

A REMARKABLE TESTIMONY MEETING.

That was an inspiring, unusual and magnificent sight witnessed in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on Sunday morning, at the conjoint officers' meeting of the M. I. A., June 14, 1908. About four thousand people assembled in a testimony meeting—we doubt anything like it has ever before been witnessed in the history of the Church. The spirit of testimony was richly manifest; so much so, that often two or three persons, and sometimes four or five, would arise at once to testify. The testimonies were calm, deliberate and earnest, and were inspiring to both young and old. It was feared that, owing to the size of the hall, difficulty would be experienced in hearing, but there was little or no complaint on this account. During the time allotted, sixteen brethren and nineteen sisters testified of God's goodness to them; of the truth of the gospel; and their knowledge of the divinity of the latter-day work established by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Many of those who spoke were workers in the Mutual Improvement Associations, but there were others who, catching the spirit of the occasion, could not refrain from expressing their joy in the work of the Lord. We have only space to print two or three of these testimonies, as reported by Elder F. W. Otterstrom. The blessings upon the people and the testimony of President Joseph F. Smith, given at the close of the meeting and printed in this connection, will serve to stimulate and encourage the laborers and the investigators in the great latter-day work:

THE SPIRIT BEARETH WITNESS.

My Dear Brethren and Sister:—I wish to bear my testimony, this morning, to the truth of the gospel. I can assure you that this is

a great joy to me to be permitted to meet with you here. I know what it is to be without the gospel, for I have been in the Church only two years, but they have been the happiest years of my life. My mother and my people were raised in the Methodist church: we were Southern Methodists; but I was never satisfied with any of the religious denominations, and I went from one church to another, until two years ago, in Portland, Oregon, I received the gospel. I went to a Latter-day Saints meeting, one afternoon, out of mere curiosity—not expecting to receive the truth. I had never heard a “Mormon” speaker, but after being in the building just a few moments, I knew there was something there that was different from other places. After I had been in the meeting a short time, the Spirit of the Lord came into my heart, and I knew that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of the living God. If I had never attended another meeting, but had gone out in the world again and heard any one vilify that noble man, I would have stood up and said: I know that Joseph is the prophet of the living God. I had the privilege of attending the next meeting of that little branch in Portland, Oregon, and that day the truth came to my heart that the gospel the Latter-day Saints teach is the true and only gospel. I thank my Heavenly Father that I was prepared to embrace it at that time. It was not a great while until I went into the holy waters of baptism. The Lord has blessed me every day and every moment, and I feel that I would rather give up my life than ever deny those principles. It was hard for me to keep the Word of Wisdom. We were Southern people, and always had our coffee. After I was married, my husband used to tell me, Mamma, you must keep the Word of Wisdom; and I said, I will, just as soon as I can. Time went on, and it seemed I never got to the point where I could give up my coffee; so the Lord permitted us to be stricken with the small-pox; and when my babes were threatened with the dread disease, then my eyes were opened, and I knew the Lord had permitted that to come upon us. I thank his holy name that he has taken away from me all desire for coffee and things like that; and from that time until this I have never tasted these things. With his help—and I know he will give it to me—I will never disobey those words again.

I ask that the Lord may keep us faithful, and may he bless each and every one of us, I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

DRIFTED AWAY—BROUGHT BACK BY THE SPIRIT.

My Dear Brethren and Sisters:—When I came here today it was the furthest thought from my mind that I would bear my testimony. I was born a girl of “Mormon” parents, but I drifted from the Church, and from its teachings, and until middle life, I was ashamed for anybody to think that I was a “Mormon.” I never would go near a “Mormon” church. I would go to any church in the world rather than to a “Mormon” church; but there came a time when the gospel came to me with such force that I was bound to accept it. I cannot tell you how it came; but it came exactly like the promptings of the Spirit led me to stand up today and bear, before this magnificent congregation, the testimony I have of the truthfulness of the gospel. I am more thankful than I can tell for this privilege, because I feel that it is the greatest privilege that will ever come to me, in being able to stand before all of these intelligent people. While you are strangers to me, I feel that I am right in the bosom of my own family.

May God bless us all with a testimony of the gospel, and help us to be faithful, that we may never deny it, because it is true; and I bear this testimony to you, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

“MY MOTHER’S RELIGION IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.”

Brethren and Sisters:—My heart has been made glad, and my soul has been fed with the beautiful testimonies that have been borne here this morning. I know that God lives. I know that Jesus Christ died for me and for you. I know that “Mormonism” is true, and I am glad, my brethren and sisters, that my parents were called by the voice of the Good Shepherd from the world unto these mountain tops, that I might be born under the new and everlasting covenant and be an heir to the great things that God has in store for his children.

A few evenings ago, while standing on a street corner in this city, I heard a man, who was speaking, propound this question to those who were listening; he said: “Is there any one in this crowd

whose mother's religion is good enough for him?" No one answered that question; but, my brethren and sisters, here in this holy temple of God, this morning, I desire to state that my mother's religion is good enough for me.

A few weeks ago, my mother took from her chest a letter that is faded—a letter that was written by her father nearly a half century ago. She had gone to a city to work, and the news had come to my grandfather that his daughter, or my mother, had embraced "Mormonism." He wrote this letter, and I never heard such pleading from a father to a child, urging her to retract and not affiliate with the "Mormon" people. He said: "My child, I have reared you with the hope that you would be an honor to the family. It has always been the prayer of my heart, to my God, that I would have joy in my old age, to see you a true Christian, in the Lutheran church." My mother went and wrestled with the Lord for weeks and weeks until finally her prayer was answered. She wrote back to my grandfather and said: "Father, I love you. It breaks my heart to receive such a letter from you, but my Father in Heaven has borne witness unto me that this work is true; and between you and my Father in Heaven, I must receive the voice of him."

Yes, my brethren and sisters, the religion of *my* mother is good enough for *me*,—not that I, her son, am following my mother blindly; I have received her testimony. I know she is a pure woman. I thank God for her truthfulness and virtue. There is nothing she could say to me but what I would believe; but above this testimony, my Father in Heaven has borne witness unto my spirit that "Mormonism" is true. Thank God that I have a mother who has a religion that is good enough for me; and I believe that every one in this audience can voice the same sentiments, and I believe there are tens of thousands of young people throughout the vales of Zion and in the world who will stand up and say: Yes, I know that "Mormonism" is true, and thank God that the religion of *my* mother is good enough for *me*. God bless you all. Amen.

BLESSING AND TESTIMONY OF PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

President Joseph F. Smith said: *Brethren and Sisters:*—There is not sufficient time to meet the desires of the people who

are gathered here in a meeting of this kind. Some of us have appointments that we must fill, and the hour has come for our dismissal for the noon. I desire, however, to say that I have enjoyed very much the calm and deliberate testimonies that have been given to us here today, by our brethren and sisters who have spoken, and the earnestness with which they have expressed their hearts' desires. Inasmuch as I have been busy all the week, and have not had the privilege of attending the meetings and gatherings of the Mutual Improvement associations which were held on Saturday, I wish to say just a few words now.

I believe with you in the divinity of the mission of the prophet Joseph Smith, just as I believe, with all my heart, in the divinity of the mission, and atonement, and resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I believe that I can say with all truth and soberness that I do know that my Redeemer lives. I feel it in every fiber of my being, as expressed by those who have spoken. I believe in this gospel—the Gospel of Jesus Christ, commonly called “Mormonism.” I am very thankful that my mother believed in it, and that, therefore, her religion, as well as that of my father, is good enough for me.

While the good brother was speaking in relation to the religion of his mother and that of her father, and contrasting it, this thought entered my mind: Yes; why should he not be satisfied with the religion of his mother, since her religion comprehends and circumscribes *all religion*. It goes beyond, and above, all the conceptions of religion held by the world. The religion of his mother possesses the power to redeem her father's family, who did not believe it, who did not know of its truth, who did not understand it, and through prejudice would not receive it. The religion that they possessed, and that they knew and followed, had no power beyond the things of the present day and the present life. Why should we not rather prefer the religion that has power to go back to the beginning of time, and that reaches forward to the end of time, and comprehends the necessities and the conditions of every soul that has ever lived in the world, or that will ever live in the world, even to the winding up scene? Surely the children of the Latter-day Saints may be justified in saying that the religion of their fathers and mothers is a religion that is

good enough for them. I trust that we will ever live up to its teachings, and that we will feel as the good sister now feels, who confessed that she was born of "Mormon" parents, but drifted away. The Spirit of the Lord followed her, and though she became ashamed to be known as a Latter-day Saint, or as a "Mormon," or being connected with them—yet the Spirit clung to her, until it brought her back to a new love for the religion of her parents, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation.

I want to thank you, my brethren and sister, who have borne your testimonies of the truth here today. I know the gospel is the truth. The principles of the gospel appeal to me upon their own merit. I need no outward testimony with reference to their truth, for they bear the very insignia of truth, and they appeal to my judgment, and to my sense, and they convince me that they are good, that they are true—that they are from above, not from beneath. Therefore, I receive the gospel in my heart, on its merits. I need no wonderful spiritual manifestation to know that these principles are true, for God has endowed me with a degree of common sense—ordinary comprehension and understanding—and with this common sense and ordinary comprehension which the Lord has blessed me with, I am able to weigh the gospel of Jesus, and I see in it the principles of life and salvation, principles of righteousness, principles of truth and of godliness, and they are indeed the power of God unto salvation unto all that will receive them.

May the Lord bless this congregation, these people who are here representing this great cause of Mutual Improvement, and all associated with this work. May the blessing of life attend you, and may the power of God and the power of the Holy Priesthood rest upon you, brethren and sisters, to lead you in the discharge of your duties, and to make you proficient in the performance thereof. Above all things in the world, let us keep our eyes upon the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and upon the principles of truth revealed in the gospel; and though we may be offended at men, let us never be offended with the truth. Let us cleave to God, though all men fail. Let us not depart from him. Let us cleave to the redeeming promise and power of the Son of God, though all other people in the word, near or far, depart from

it. Let us abide in the truth that has been revealed in this dispensation, testifying to the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, though we stand alone in the world in that belief and in that faith, for I tell you that all the error in the world cannot weigh in the balance against one simple principle of the gospel which pertains to God and godliness, and the principles of righteousness in the earth. The Lord bless you, my brethren and sisters. May he bless the cause of Zion. May he bless the youth of Zion, and the Latter-day Saints everywhere, and lead them calmly and dispassionately to weigh the truth in the light of truth, and under the promptings and influence of the Spirit that comes from God, that they may learn the truth, that it may enter into their souls and become a part of their very life and being, that no power on earth or beneath the heavens may ever turn them aside from their duty in the work of the Lord. This is my prayer for you, and for all Israel, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

THE MISSIONARY'S PRAYER.

Lord, make me equal to the task
 That thou dost daily set for me.
 Aid me, O Lord, I humbly ask;
 Keep me from sin and evil free.

E'en as I journey here below,
 Keep thou my mind on heaven above;
 Thy mercies, Lord, on me bestow;
 O let me feel thy wond'rous love.

And, as I labor day by day,
 Thy gospel plan make plain to me;
 Dear Savior, lead me in the way—
 The path of life eternally.

Help me to find the honest souls
 Who daily seek and pray for light;
 For them a true example set;
 Lead thou and guide me in the right.

Savior, I am poor and weak;
 Bless me with wisdom, love and faith;
 Give me the courage, Lord, to speak
 Thy word of truth, come life or death.

LORD OF ALL.

BY DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE, F. R. S. E.

It is one of the weaknesses of man to question the omnipotence of God. Human ignorance challenges Divine wisdom. The infinitesimally small arrays itself against the infinitely great. The atom believes itself the universe.

It is my privilege to retire at intervals to a place of seclusion and rest, in the upper part of a large building, far above the rattle and roar of the city street. My room is lighted by large windows; and these, whenever I leave them ajar, afford egress to a variety of winged visitors of the insect tribe, such as flies, gnats, beetles, bees, and butterflies; and, if I leave the casements open when I work at night, moths that fly in the darkness come to me. When I retire to this room after an absence of several days, I find a number of insects on desk, table and floor. Their deaths are evidently due to the dry atmosphere of the closed room.

Three days ago, while I was writing in the room, a wild bee from the neighboring hills came to visit me, entering through the crevice of the slightly opened window. When I was ready to leave, I threw the casement wide, and tried to drive the bee to liberty and safety. I pursued the flying creature, vigorously striking and swishing with a towel, knowing well that if it remained in the room it would die. The more I tried to drive it out, the more fiercely did it resist. Its erstwhile peaceful hum became an angry roar; its flight became hostile and threatening. At last it caught me off my guard, and stung my hand—the hand that had tried to drive it to safety. Then it alighted on a carved projection of the ceiling, beyond my reach of aid or injury.

*Written for publication in Japan.

Today, I returned to the room, and found the shriveled corpse of the captive bee on my desk where it had fallen from the ceiling-point of fancied safety.

To the bee's short-sighted mind I was a foe, a persistent pursuer, a mortal enemy seeking its destruction. Yet, in truth I was its friend, offering a ransom of the life it had forfeited through its own error, striving to drive it in spite of itself from the prison of death to the open air of liberty.

Notwithstanding the sharp wound of its sting, I had no unkind thought, but rather pity and commiseration for the foolish creature. The bee paid for its stubbornness with its life.

As to ourselves and the bee, are we so exalted that the analogy fails?

Since the beginning of human history, man has sought to measure Omnipotence by human standards. Fleeting pleasure has been preferred to enduring happiness; the gilded bauble of the present is chosen rather than the true gold of eternal worth.

To gauge Omnipotence by the yard-stick of mortal weakness, to arraign Omnipotence at the bar of human wisdom—this is no achievement worthy of modern praise, no mark of civilization or advancement. Yet such has been the usual course of man from the earliest time.

It is written in Arabic lore of the long ago that a holy man once questioned the deeds of an angel of God. Thus runs the story:

An angel came to earth on special errand bent. Moses, the law-giver of Israel, met him and said: "Let me go with thee that I may learn how God doth deal with man." The angel replied: "Thou couldst not understand my acts; yet, if thou wilt, thou mayest go with me; but question not what I shall do, whate'er it be."

Moses and the angel journeyed together. They came to the shore of a lake whereon were many fishing boats. From one of these the angel struck away the boards, and the boat sank near to the shore. Moses was angered and demanded, "What means this? Dost thou destroy without cause?" The angel answered, "I told thee thou couldst not understand."

Anon they met an Arab boy wending his way joyously along

the road. Upon him the angel breathed the breath of death; the boy fell and expired. Then Moses spake, "What ill deed is this? Dost thou slay the innocent?" Again the angel said, "I knew thou couldst not understand. Question me not; or leave me."

Onward they journeyed. They entered a village on the outskirts of which they stopped at a cottage. The garden wall was old and crumbling. The angel pushed upon it and it fell, crushing and spoiling the garden growth of vegetables and herbs. Then Moses broke forth, "Why dost thou destroy and spoil?" The angel answered, "I told thee thou couldst not understand. Now here we part, thou and I. Go thou the ways of earth, while I follow the appointed ways of heaven. Yet, before thou leavest I would thus make plain, that the name of my Lord be exalted and extolled:

"The boat I broke belonged to poor fisher folk. Without the boat their livelihood is gone. But there cometh now a king's company along that coast, seizing all goodly boats. When the king's company has passed, the fisher folk, who are faithful before the Lord, will raise their boat while all the rest have gone.

"Touching the Arab boy—he was a goodly youth, but so great a power hath Satan over him that had he lived two moons more he would have slain his brother. Now his brother lives to bless his people, and the boy dies without guilt of blood.

"As to the cottage and the garden wall—two worthy men live there. Their father loved his Lord. The father for safe keeping hid a treasure beneath the wall; this the sons will find, building up the ruins, and they will be enriched."*

Thus it is shown that mortal afflictions oftentimes mean Divine blessings.

Yet, let it not be thought that dread calamities and dire distresses occur as a direct result of the will and purpose of a loving God. He rejoices not in the anguish and suffering of his children. Having endowed them with the rights of agency and individual freedom, he permits the exercise of this agency even to the bring-

*Paraphrase of No. 77 of *Pearls of the Faith*, as translated by Sir Edwin Arnold; "Praise him, Al Mutahali; whose decree is wiser than the wit of man and see." Compare *Koran*, chap. xviii.

ing about of suffering and vicissitude. Even the Omnipotent may not shield man from the ill effects of voluntary actions without infringing upon the rights of free agency. There is no caprice in the dealings of God with man. If the Creator arbitrarily exempted some of his children from the ills naturally resulting from their acts, he could as well honor and aggrandize others beyond their merits.

It is no result of Divine will that people sin, that men follow debauchery and vice. Neither is it God's will that nations proclaim war, and send forth armies and navies to destroy or be destroyed. It is the will of God that in such dire contingencies the ordinary course of events, the natural sequence of cause and effect, be not interfered with. The Almighty is able to turn and overturn the results of human acts so as to conduce to eventual good.

Such a consummation, however, is neither justification nor excuse for wrong-doing. The ill-inspired sinners who crucified the Christ are answerable for their motives and their acts, though the sacrifice on Calvary has proved the world's redemption.

We proclaim the atonement wrought by Jesus Christ, the means of salvation provided by the Son of God, the voice of the Lord as heard in this age—the dispensation of the fulness of times. This proclamation is to all people; it is the message of deliverance from sin and its sorrow, the decree of liberty, the charter of freedom.

In olden times the Lord of heaven spoke by word of mouth to his chosen oracles. We proclaim that he speaks today. Why should the dead past be law to the active present? Is the voice of God silenced? Is his arm shortened that he cannot reach his children? Can he no longer speak to be heard, or move to be felt?

We proclaim the present God, the speaking, moving, active God—the God who recognizes the free agency of his children and who holds them accountable for their acts.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

SOME UTAH BIRDS.

BY CLAUDE T. BARNES, M. S. P. R., MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION AUDUBON SOCIETY.

III.—THE KILLDEER.

(*Aegialitis Charadriidae Vocifera.*)

The muddy embankment of a pond, the half dried up slough in the roadside, the salty sump at the lake shore—these are the homes of the stately little plover, the killdeer. Most people have heard its plaintive and persistent cry, “killdeer,” “killdeer;” but to avoid any mistake on the part of those who ramble in the country just often enough to become acquainted with the birds only in a general way, a description of one, which I have in my collection, will be given.

The killdeer is one of our handsomest birds. Its length is nine inches; wing-measured from bend to tip—6.25; tail, 3.75 and bill, .75. The predominating color, above, is a muddy brown; indeed, when the bird is walking about, it is most difficult, even in mid-day, to discover its whereabouts. Often the quick run of its grayish legs attracts the eye; but, in any case, the continual call, “killdeer,” “killdeer,” “dee,” “dee,” is easier to follow than is the bird itself.

The back, tertials (the large inner quills of the wing), scapulars (the small feathers filling the space between the wing and the body) and the lesser wing coverts (the little feathers covering the bend of the wing), are all muddy brown; the greater wing coverts, the tips of the primaries (the longest wing quills) and the points of the secondaries (middle wing quill) are also brown, though of a slightly darker shade. Across the middle of the spreaded wing is

a band of pure white, broadest at the point where the primaries and secondaries meet.

The wings are extremely long and pointed, extending at the tips, to a point within half an inch of the end of the tail. The three inner secondary wing quills are very long, the middle one being within a quarter of an inch as long as the largest primary. This peculiarity gives the half closed wing, when seen from behind, the shape of a capital A. There is a little patch of white on the bend of the wing.

The rump and upper tail coverts are of a bright ochraceous cast; the tail feathers (rectrices) are ash color darkening into blackish brown at the extremities. When the tail is spread, however, the two outer feathers are seen to be white crossed with four distinct bars of brown. The next feather inward, has an ochraceous hue with two faint bars of light brown and a heavy black cross near the extremity. Underneath, there is one central tail feather, which is pure white faintly marked with two ashy spots.

Extending around the killdeer's neck is a pure white collar about half an inch wide at the scruff, or back of the neck, and an inch wide at the throat. Just behind and above each eye, is a narrow white stripe; and a band of white, an eighth of an inch wide, runs from one eye around the forehead to the other. The top of the head, the lores and the opthalmic region are muddy brown like the back. The eyebrows are wax red; and the bill has the bulb tip characteristic of plovers.

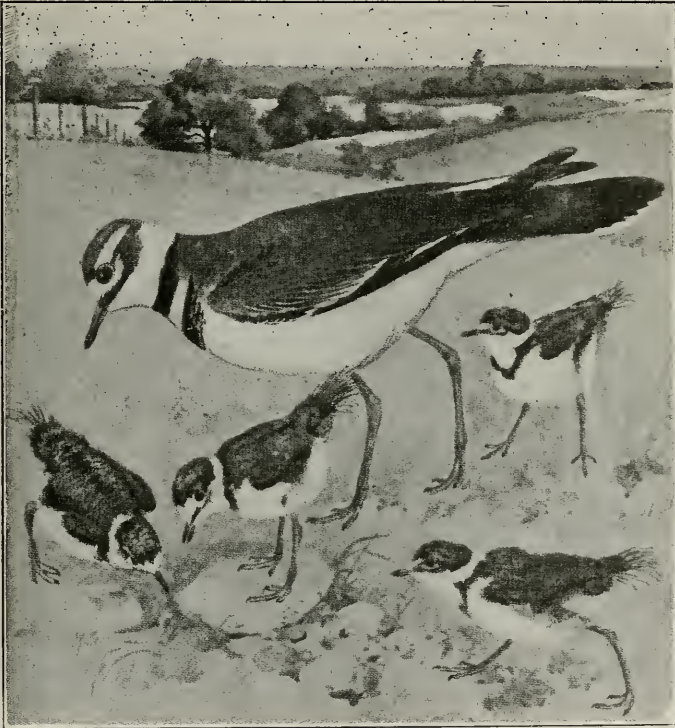
Seen from below, the bird is, in general, pure white, the tips of the wing quills, however, being ashy, and the tips of the tail feathers, brown. Across the jugulum extends a half inch band of blackish brown color, threaded with white. Above this, and of the same width, is a band of white, and above that, on the throat, is a black collar three-fourths of an inch wide.

The under surface of the outer tail feathers, and the central tail feathers, are spotted with ashy brown.

The killdeer is found all over the United States, though in winter, it migrates to Mexico and the Gulf States.

Its habits are unique. When undisturbed, it carries its trim little body about with a walk as stately as that of a peacock, though when afrighted or filled with anxiety for its nest, it circles

and dashes about with a swiftness surprising, and cries of anguish unequalled for penetrating solicitude. Its appearance in flight is deceptive, as its long wings and striking coloration lead one to believe it to be a much larger bird than it really is. I remember, once last summer, as I was crossing a marshy field near the Salt Lake shore, a killdeer sprang up and swiftly flew about me within



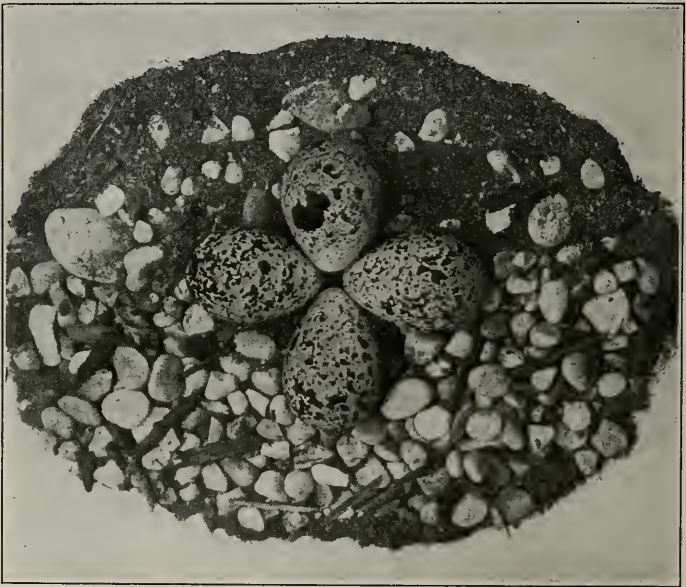
The Killdeer.

a radius of two hundred yards, all the time uttering its plaintive cry; but at no time did it go so far away that I could not have recognized it both by its flight and its call.

So clever is the killdeer in protecting his nest, and so inconspicuous is the nest itself, that one may walk about for hours over a whole field, thinking from the incessant clamor that the nest

must always be near. In fact there is little in the actions of the bird to enable one to tell whether the nest is away only three feet or more than an eighth of a mile.

As seen from the illustration herewith, the killdeer's nest is so inconspicuously made that one would be liable to walk over it without discerning the prize. The bird selects merely a slight depression near its favorite feeding ground, and deposits four pyriform eggs, which, from their coloration—creamy white thickly spotted with chocolate brown—match the surrounding pebbles and



A Killdeer's Nest.

bits, and render the nest more indiscernible still. Nest-making is to the killdeer a mere matter of selection. He must smile at himself, therefore, as he looks up into the willows, and sees the red-winged blackbird working at a neat little cup, or when he circles beyond the field and sees, below, a bullock's oriole weaving with remarkable assiduity a nest which hangs from the tip of a small locust limb. Why such work, when eggs hatch as well on the bare ground? In fact, the killdeer seldom takes the trouble to line the

chosen depression with soft materials, though Wilson says that he saw one nest "paved with fragments of clam and oyster shells, and very neatly surrounded with a mound or border of the same, placed in a very close and curious manner."

The large size of the killdeer's eggs (1.50x1.10 inches) allows the young bird's legs to become comparatively strong before hatching, and, therefore, unlike the altricial birds, which must wait for their wings to grow before they venture from the nest, the young killdeer follows its mother about from the hour that it breaks through the shell. Audubon says: "During incubation, the parents, who sit alternately on the eggs, never leaving them to the heat of the sun, are extremely clamorous at sight of an enemy. The female droops her wings, emits her plaintive notes, and endeavors, by every means she can devise, to draw you from the nest or young. The male dashes over you in the air, in the manner of the European lapwing, and vociferates all the remonstrances of an angry parent whose family is endangered."

There are few people who do not appreciate the economic value of the killdeer. He spends his life on the mud and in the air, and though classed as a "game" bird, his tiny body is really too insignificant to be shot for food. He eats many grasshoppers, ants, caterpillars, moths, boll weevils, wireworms, curculios, beetles, crane flies, worms, crickets, and coleoptera. Being partially nocturnal in his habits, he catches many bugs ordinarily undisturbed by the birds.

In Utah, farmers are bothered to a great extent by the Rocky Mountain locust; and when we consider that this insect and boll weevils are destroying millions of dollars' worth of crops each year, we can readily place the killdeer down as one of the agriculturist's greatest friends. Arthur H. Howell, the government expert, says:

"The killdeer frequents plowed fields, often in large numbers, and the destruction of weevils, at the period of spring plowing, is a highly important service."

In Utah, seldom are more than three or four killdeers seen together; but their presence is gratifying especially in view of the fact that their favorite home is frequently the half-dried mud of the sloughs that break the monotony of some of our most desolate barrens. If there is a pond near your home, sit on the bank, follow

with your eyes the delicate little runs of our bird, learn to know his interesting personality and to catch the plaintive wildness of his penetrating call, "killdeer, killdeer."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE CREATION AND GROWTH OF ADAM.

BY WILLIAM HALLS.

[In the excellent article, "The Philosophy of Faith and Worship," in the March number of the ERA, page 325, the author, Elder William Halls, makes the following statement:

We would not expect to get a full grown tree, a hundred years old, in a second of time; neither would we expect a full grown man without a natural growth from infancy. Though the creation of Adam and the birth of Jesus may be involved in more or less mystery, the fact is, there was no exception in their cases. If Adam could have been created a full grown man with all his faculties fully developed, with a knowledge of good and evil, becoming as the Gods, without having gone through the natural stages of development, then all men might have been created in the same way, and there would have been no need of male and female, the pains of maternity, the care of infancy, our schools and all our institutions of learning.

A correspondent has taken exception to this theory respecting the creation and growth of Adam, as being un-Biblical, concerning which, of course, there can be no dispute. However, Elder Halls was asked to give his reasons for his views, and he replies as follows.—EDITORS.]

In answer to your request to give some authority for my theory in regard to Adam, I must confess that I know no direct scriptural authority for it, though there are many passages of scripture from which such theory may be inferred. It is just my belief, unsupported by direct authority, and as such must be understood.

When a passage of scripture taken literally contradicts a fundamental, natural law, I take it as allegorical; and in the absence of divine authority, put a construction on it that seems to harmonize with my experience and reason. To believe all the scriptures literally we must believe that Satan is a serpent, Jesus is a lamb, Herod is a fox, mankind are wheat and tares, then sheep and goats, some are wolves, some vipers. To accept some parts of the Bible as allegory doesn't impair its authenticity; of such are the parables of the New Testament. To believe that the prodigal son, the widow and the unjust judge, are real characters would be childish. Some truths are not susceptible of proof. We say space is boundless, duration is without beginning or end; the attempt to prove it would be ridiculous.

To say that Adam could receive a knowledge of good and evil, and his physical, mental and spiritual powers be developed without experience, is to me the climax of absurdity. That he passed through all the stages of development, and learned by the universal law of experience, may not be proved, but may be taken for granted.

Mancos, Colorado.

TEMPERANCE—INSPIRATIONS TO PROGRESS.

BY ELDER HEBER J. GRANT.

[An address delivered to the M. I. A. Conference, Sunday, June 14, 1908, 2 p. m.]

Some weeks ago from this stand I read a number of items that I thought would be of interest to the members of one of the four Salt Lake City stakes; and when I was requested, by the program committee, to occupy a portion of the time today,—in trying to think of something that would be of interest to the young people from all parts of the Church, I concluded that to read the same things which I read here upon that occasion would be of as much value to my hearers as anything I could possibly say. Although I realize from my experience in public speaking, that an audience is never as interested in something that is read as in something spoken extemporaneously, yet, believing that the words I am about to read will be of greater value to you than anything I may say, I shall read, making such comments as shall come to my mind; with the hope that the comments as well as the reading will be beneficial:

From the preface to *Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer*:

I believe that it will require the force of the whole people, men and women, applied at the ballot box, to effectually blot out of existence the great curse to the country, "The laws that License and Permit the Sale of Alcohol as a Beverage." I deny the right of the government to sell to one citizen the privilege to tempt another to commit crime. I doubt the policy of those laws that seek to raise a revenue by the sale of that which debases the people, it is the prolific source of crime and pauperism, and costs the country annually a thousand times more than the revenue received therefrom. I deny the justice of those laws that on one page of the statute books legalize that which promotes crimes and makes criminals, and on the next, provide severe penalties to be administered to those

they have tempted to transgress. This little volume is presented to the public to promulgate those views. They may be thought radical, and perhaps are so; but they are the result of long years of experience in our criminal courts, and are but a feeble expression of my abhorrence of the vice of intemperance, and the laws that encourage and promote it.

“Tell me if I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene’er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell.”

I read further from the same book—and, by the way, this “little” book that he refers to is about as large, if not a little larger than the one I now hold in my hand (exhibiting the large edition of the Doctrine and Covenants.)

My experience at the bar has satisfied me that intemperance is the direct cause of nearly all the crime that is committed in our country. I have been at the bar over thirty years, have been engaged in over four thousand criminal cases, and on mature reflection I am satisfied that over three thousand of those cases have originated from drunkenness alone, and I believe that a great proportion of the remainder could be traced either directly or indirectly to this great source of crime. In sixty-three cases of homicide forty-nine have been caused by the maddening influence of strong drink.

Think of it, my brethren and sisters, forty-nine murders out of sixty-three cases, were caused by strong drink!

I have seen upon the counsel table of our court room the skull of an aged father who was killed by a drunken son. My brother and myself sat by his side as his counsel, and I never shall forget the look of that son when the ghastly evidence of his guilt was laid on the stand before him. That silent yet eloquent witness! It was but an arch of bone, and was handled carelessly by the jury in their investigation, yet it had once been covered by a father’s gray hairs, beneath it had throbbed a brain full of pride and affection for the son who was now on his trial for murder, and as it passed from hand to hand the fearful expression on the face of the accused plainly told the terrible feeling of remorse that filled his soul. It was a wicked and most unnatural crime, and begot feelings of loathing and horror in the breasts of all who witnessed the trial. Yet it was not in reality the son who had committed the crime, but the demon that lurks in every cup of strong drink. And that cup had been filled and placed to the lips of that son by the hand of a most respectable member of society—a man who had a license from that very court to sell that which maddened the brain and prompted the hand to murder.

I saw upon the table the skull of young B——, who was killed by his most

intimate friend in a drunken brawl at Hartstown, and the respectable proprietor at whose hotel the murder was perpetrated, and who sold the maddening spirit that prompted the deed, was witness to the trial. He said he had a license from that respectable court to sell liquor; yes, from the very court then sitting in judgment on that act, which was but the natural sequence of the license it had sold and granted.

I have seen upon the table the skull of a little child, with the evidence upon it of a murderous blow, inflicted by the hand of a drunken mother. Yet it was not the mother who had committed the most unnatural crime. All our knowledge of the promptings of the human heart deny the charge. Who that remembers his own mother and her maternal love could believe it? No! a demoniacal spirit had violated the sanctuary of the mother's heart and cast out the tender, loving tenant that once resided there, and that was the spirit of strong drink, sold to the woman by a man who held a license to sell under the seal and sanction of that very court.

I have seen upon that table the blood-stained skull of a wife, cleft from top to base by an ax in the hand of a brutal, drunken husband, who came home from a neighboring licensed beer-shop, reeling, drunken, and maddened by drink there sold by a most respectable dealer, by a man who had a legal right to sell that poison whose effects are more terrible than the plagues confined within the fabled box of Pandora, and under whose baneful influence

The hand that should shield the wife from ill,
In drunken wrath is raised to kill.

I once defended a man for killing his own brother, by whom, in a fit of drunken frenzy, he had been attacked with a dangerous weapon, thereby compelling him in his own defense, to strike a blow that had taken his brother's life. He was tried for murder, and in his defense I called the "landlord" to prove that the murdered brother was mad from the effects of the liquor he had received at the witness's bar. He so testified, yet seemed conscious of no wrong. Why should he? He had a license from the court, and why should that brother's blood cry to heaven for vengeance against him? Oh no! he was a respectable citizen, possessing a good moral character, for the law grants licenses to none other. He had a legal right to present the maddening cup to his fellow's lips, and no one should complain of him. He had acted in accordance with the law, and did not one of England's greatest and best of men say that "the law was that science whose voice was the harmony of the world, and whose seat was the bosom of God"?

In my hurry, in going for these notes, I failed to find an advertisement of a saloon keeper in Arizona,* that I desired to

* AN HONEST SALOON KEEPER.

Tombstone, Arizona, claims credit for the frankest saloon keeper in the United States. He keeps the Temple Bar saloon, and advertises his business

read. If one reads the saloon keeper's advertisement, certainly he should not be accused of misrepresenting his vocation. This man announced that he makes paupers, that he makes thieves, that he fills the penitentiary, that he breaks the hearts of wives, makes children orphans, and all poor. Yet his business flourishes, and he proposes to go on destroying the community, because the people want liquor, and he has a license to sell it.

One of the books recommended to the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations throughout the Church, which we desired them, particularly, to read this year, was the book entitled *The Strength of Being Clean*, by David Starr Jordan. Mr. Jordan is the President of the Leland Stanford Junior University. This book is considered, by President Joseph F. Smith and others I have

with most enterprising frankness: "Allow me to inform you that you are fools," he says, yet his place is usually filled. He maintains that he is an honest saloonkeeper, and that it will not hurt his business to tell the truth about it. He has had printed an advertising card which would make an excellent manuscript for a temperance lecture. Copies are being circulated through the western states and are attracting attention. The card reads as follows:

Friends and Neighbors: I am grateful for past favors, and having supplied my store with a fine lot of choice wines and liquors, allow me to inform you that I shall continue to make drunkards, paupers and beggars for the sober, industrious, respectable part of the community to support.

My liquors will excite riot, robbery and bloodshed. They will diminish your comforts, increase your expenses, and shorten your life. I shall confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and incurable diseases.

They will deprive some of life, others of reason, many of characters, and all of peace. They will make fathers fiends, wives widows, children orphans, and all poor. I will train your sons in infidelity, dissipation, ignorance, lewdness and every other vice. I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the gospel, defile the Church, and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can.

I will thus accommodate the public. It may be at the loss of my never-dying soul, but I have a family to support—the business pays, the public encourages it. I have paid my license, and the traffic is lawful; and if I don't sell it somebody else will. I know the Bible says: Thou shalt not kill. No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven, and I do not expect the drunkard-maker to fare any better, but I want an easy living, and I have resolved to gather the wages of iniquity and fatten on the ruin of my species.

I shall, therefore, carry on my business with every energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the Nation and endanger the safety of the State. As my business flourishes in proportion to your sensuality and ignorance, I will do my best to prevent moral purity and intellectual growth.

Should you doubt my ability, I refer you to the pawnshops, the poorhouse, the police court, the hospital, the penitentiary and the gallows, where you will find many of my best customers have gone. A sight of them will convince you that I do what I say. Allow me to inform you that you are fools, and that I am an honest saloonkeeper.

heard speak about it, as one of the strongest arguments that has yet been written by a non-“Mormon” in favor of and confirming the revelation given through the Prophet Joseph Smith, known to us as the Word of Wisdom. Mr. Jordan says:

The resistance to temptation must come from within.

There is no question about this. Another man, William George Jordan, whose books I admire very much, says that we are the architects and the builders of our own lives; and there is no question but what we, the youth of Israel, if we shall accomplish anything for the reformation of the world, must accomplish a reformation first within ourselves, and then set examples worthy of imitation. In our officers’ meeting yesterday, a quotation was also made from William George Jordan’s writings, that I desire to refer to here, namely, “that man has two creators: his God and himself.” Let us, so far as we are capable, by and with the help of God, in humility, as the second creators of ourselves do something, as young men and young women, for the spread of truth, and, above all, follow the advice of Sister Tingey by remembering that our lives are the finest possible kind of preachers—far better than precept.

David Starr Jordan further says:

So far as the drink of drunkards is concerned, prohibition does not prohibit. But to clean up a town, to free it from corrosion, saves men, and boys and girls, too, from vice, and who shall say that moral sanitation is not as much the duty of the community as physical sanitation. The city of the future will not permit the existence of slums and dives and tippling-houses. It will prohibit their existence for the same reason that it now prohibits pig-pens and dung-heaps and cess-pools. For where all these things are, slums and cesspools, saloons and pig-pens, there the people grow weak and die.

I hope and pray with all my heart that the young Latter-day Saints, particularly those who are engaged in the Mutual Improvement cause, will make up their minds that they shall go from this conference, having partaken of the spirit of testimony that we had in our morning meeting, having listened to the testimonies that were given in our officers’ meetings, as well as the testimonies that have been given here, and remember that seventy-five years ago, God our Heavenly Father, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, proclaimed against the use of strong drink, saying that it was not

good for man. This revelation was originally given not by way of commandment but only by way of admonition, as counsel and advice, but the Prophet Brigham Young afterwards said: "The time has now come when this revelation, known as the Word of Wisdom, comes to the Latter-day Saints as the Word of God and a commandment for them to obey." When I listened to our sister, who bore her testimony here today, telling how God gave to her, by the revelation of his spirit, the witness that this gospel, called "Mormonism" by the world, is in very deed the gospel of Jesus Christ,—I rejoiced also to hear her bear her testimony, that by that same spirit, and that same witness, she received a knowledge from God that it was her duty to obey what is known to the Latter-day Saints as the Word of Wisdom.

This Word of Wisdom was given to us for our temporal salvation, and I want to say to the Latter-day Saints that had we obeyed this law from the day we arrived in these valleys, if all the money expended for tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor had been saved, this community, this State of Utah, would be today the wealthiest state west of the Mississippi River from which our fathers were driven, when leaving Nauvoo. A hundred times more damage is done to farms from insects than from the ravages of wild animals, and it is the small dribblets that go for tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor,—that amount to millions and millions of dollars. We find that there is today being consumed annually in the neighborhood of \$20 per capita, for every man, woman, child, and babe in the entire United Kingdom—hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars annually are being expended in destroying our physical frames, the God-given tabernacles that we have received from our Heavenly Father. Now I plead with each and every worker in the Mutual Improvement Associations to remember that the will of God to us is to observe the Word of Wisdom, and may he help us to do it.

I read a book, while I was in England, that did me a great deal of good, and put a good many ideas into my head. It is entitled *The Young Man and the World*. It was written by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, and inasmuch as he is capable of saying many things that I think are inspiring to the youth of Zion, or any other.

young people who may read this book, and as it is told in better form than I can say it, and apologizing again for reading so much, I desire to read some of his counsel to young men:

You must be intellectually honest. Do not pretend to be what you are not—no affectations, no simulations, no falsehoods, either of speech or thought, of conduct or attitude. Let truth abide in the very heart of you.

This reminds me, also, of the writings of William George Jordan, who says in the very first sentence in his book entitled *Great Truths*, one of our series of reading this year, that "truth is the rock foundation of every great character." Now, if we want to become great in the sight of God, let us remember that the rock foundation of our character must be truth.

At the very beginning, Nature writes upon the tablet of your inner consciousness an inventory of your strengths and of your weaknesses, and lists there those tasks which you are best fitted to perform—those tasks which Nature meant you to perform. For Nature put you here to do something; you were not born to be an ornament.

First, then, learn your limitations. Take time enough to think out just what you cannot do. This process of elimination will soon reduce life's possibilities for you to a few things. Of these select the one which is nearest you, and having selected it, put all other loves from you.

Oh, how I wish that I had the power to impress upon all the youth of Israel that the one thing that should be nearest to all of us is the gospel of Jesus Christ, the plan of life and salvation, the redemption of the souls of men. Let us "put all other loves from us." Let us first seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, then shall all other things be added to us.

While this senator has written these words for the people of the world, they have a greater meaning to you and to me, and to the tens of thousands of young men and women among the Latter-day Saints, who know that God lives, who know that Jesus is the Christ, who know that this gospel that we have espoused is in very deed the gospel of Jesus Christ. It should be our first love—we should think of it when we arise in the morning, we should think of it at noon-day and at night; and we should not allow the things of the world to crowd it out of our love and affection.

Work—that is the magic word. In these four letters all possibilities are wrapped up.

Don't pay any attention to how *fast* you are getting on but *go ahead and get*

on. Keep working. And work with all your might. How wise the Bible is: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And keep on doing it—persist—persist—persist. Again the Bible: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings." Do not fear hard knocks. They are no sign that you will not finally win the battle. Indeed, ability to endure in silence is one of the best evidences that you will finally prevail.

He who worries, not only poisons the very fountains of his own strength but arouses in the world's attitude toward him a sort of sneering pity. So the very first thing that I have to suggest to you is that you should *be a man* in all your doings and throughout your whole career.

If you have done your best you have done better than the man who has done more than you, but who has not done his best.

Be a man—that is the first and last rule of the greatest success in life. For the greatest success in life does not mean dollars heaped in bank vaults nor volumes written, nor railroads built, nor laws devised, nor armies led. No, the greatest success is none of these. The supreme *success is character*.

While the reputation of the Latter-day Saints, in the eyes of the world, is not good, because of the maligning of our enemies, yet I do thank God that the character of every Latter-day Saint, every man, and every woman, and every child, who lives up to the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is absolutely above reproach. How I do thank the Lord that the Gospel of Jesus Christ fills every want, every requirement, every desire of an honest heart. I rejoice, with all my heart and soul, that there is no longing, no seeking in vain—none of that which the good sister referred to this morning who had been seeking, year after year, for the gospel, but she could not find it until she heard the voice of the humble "Mormon" elder.

From the same book:

"I have just come from church," said a friend one day, "and I am tired and disappointed. I went to hear a sermon and I listened to a lecture.

"I went to worship, and I was merely entertained.

"The preacher was a brilliant man, and his address was an intellectual treat; but I did not go to church to hear a professional lecture. When I want merely to be entertained, I will go to the theater.

"But I do not like to hear a preacher principally try to be either orator or artist. I am please if he is both; but before everything else, I want him to bear me the Master's message. I want the minister to preach Christ and him crucified."

The man who said this was a journalist of ripe years, highly educated, widely experienced, acquainted with men and life. He was world-weary with that wear-

ness which comes of the journalist's incessant contact with every phase of human activity, good and bad, great and small. * * * *

Any man who assumes to teach the Christian faith, who in his own secret heart questions that faith himself, commits a sacrilege every time he enters the pulpit.

He is like the chemist's grain of wheat, perfect in all its constituent elements except the mysterious spark of life, without which the wheat grain will not grow.

If then you do not believe what you say, and believe it with all your soul, believe it in your heart of hearts, do not try to get other men to believe it. You will not be honest if you do. The world expects you to be sure of yourself. How do you expect to make other people sure of themselves if you are not sure of yourself?

Thank God that every Latter-day Saint who assumes to teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ has absolutely no doubt in his heart regarding its divinity.

"I would rather be sure that when a man dies he will live again with his conscious identity, than to have all the wealth of the United States, or to occupy any position of honor or power the world could possibly give," said a man whose name is known to the railroad world as one of the ablest transportation men in the United States.

"Do you know when I am by myself I think about a lot of strange things. Is the soul immortal, and what is the soul anyhow?" [It is a politician who is talking now, and a ward politician at that, a man whom few would suspect of thinking upon these subjects at all].

So you see, young man,—[Remember this address is to the young man that expects to be measured for the preacher's frock, as it is termed]. So you see, young man, you who are being measured for the cloth, that all manner and conditions of men are thinking about the great problems of which you are the expounder, and longing for the answer to these problems which it is your business to give them. That is the condition of the mind of the millions.

Now, this author goes on, after giving the conditions of the minds of the millions, and tells the young men who are being measured for the cloth, those who expect to fill the pulpit,—he tells them what his experience was with those who do fill the pulpit:

Very well! What is the condition of the mind of the young minister? A few years ago a certain man, with good opportunities for the investigation and a probability of sincere answers, asked every young preacher whom he met during a summer vacation these questions:

First, Yes or no, do you believe in God, the Father; God a person, God a definite and tangible intelligence—not a congeries of laws floating like a fog

through the universe; but God, a person, in whose image you were made? Don't argue; don't explain; but is your mind in a condition where you can answer yes or no?"

Not a man answered "Yes." Each man wanted to explain that the Deity might be a definite intelligence or might not, that the "latest thought" was much confused upon the matter, and so forth and so on.

Thank God that every boy, and every girl, and every child, that every Latter-day Saint, without a moment's hesitation, can answer "Yes" to this question. Thank God that the Manuals the young people have studied give an account of our Father as a personal being.

Second, Yes or no, do you believe that Christ was the Son of the living God, sent by him to save the world? I am not asking whether you believe that he was inspired in the sense that the great moral teachers are inspired—nobody has any difficulty about that. But do you believe that Christ was God's very Son, with a divinely appointed and definite mission, dying on the cross and raised from the dead—yes or no?

Again not a single answer with an unequivocal, earnest "Yes." But again explanations were offered, and in at least half the instances the sum of most of the answers was that Christ was the most perfect man that the world had seen, and humanity's greatest moral teacher.

Again I say, thank God that all Latter-day Saints, young and old, without a moment's hesitation, would answer that question: "Yes, Christ was the Son of God; Christ is in very deed the Savior of the world; Christ did appear to the boy Joseph Smith and did deliver to him the keys of the Gospel of life and salvation.

Third, Do you believe that when you die you will live again as a conscious intelligence, knowing who you are and who other people are?

Again not one answer was unconditionally affirmative. Of course, they were not sure as a matter of knowledge. Of course, that could not be known positively. On the whole, they were inclined to think so, but there were very stubborn objections, and so forth and so on.

The men to whom these questions were put were particularly high-grade ministers. One of them had already won a distinguished reputation in New York and New England states for his eloquence and piety. Every one of them had had unusual successes with fashionable congregations.

But every one of them had noted an absence of real influence upon the hearts of their hearers, and all thought that this same condition is spreading throughout the modern pulpit.

Yet not one of them suspected that the profound cause of what they called

"the decay of faith" was, not in the world of men and women, but in themselves. How could such priests of ice warm the souls of men? How could such apostles of interrogation convert a world?

I agree with this question. How could men who do not believe in God as our Father, as a personal being, as the Father of Jesus Christ—how could men who do not believe in the divine mission of Jesus Christ, how could men who do not believe that when this life is over, we shall be resurrected and have a conscious intelligence, and know and be known, how could they warm the hearts of the people? How could they teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which teaches faith in God, faith in his Son, faith in a resurrection from the dead, and faith in life eternal? It can't be done; but, thank God, the Latter-day Saints can give to the world the plan of life and salvation, and may we, as the youth of Israel, rise up and labor with all the zeal, with all the energy, with all the determination that we have, for the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ, is my prayer and my desire, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

PROHIBITION.

Prohibition now claims eight States, with a total population of 13,000,000, in which the public sale of intoxicating liquors is forbidden; also 250 prohibition cities in 35 States, with from 5,000 to 160,000 each, and a total population of 3,500,000. Practically 40,000,000 people, of whom 10,000,000 have been added within four years, are living in prohibition territory. It is the big cities that resist prohibition.—*Independent, N. Y.*

SLAVES.

BY FRANCIS W. COPE.

Thoughts are brain pictures incited by suggestion of eye or ear, through the medium of the senses, or by the operation of reasoning.

When the term "slave" is brought to our attention, our mind usually forms a picture of the southern negro "befo' de wah," the galley slave of the Roman period, or probably the captivity of the Israelites in Egypt or Babylon, all of whom represent a class of individuals whose condition was brought about more or less by circumstances beyond their control.

There is, however, another class of individuals who are properly placed in the same category by their own actions, whose slavery is more pronounced and whose condition is more to be regretted than the physical slavery of the classes mentioned.

The slavery of the negro, as well as that of the Israelites, though accompanied by many heart-burnings and severities, both mental and physical, brought with it the opportunity of experience and advancement. It is contended by a great many persons that, with few exceptions, the condition of the negro was more preferable in times before the war than at present; but be that as it may, it is certain that he has greatly improved intellectually, through the medium of the slave trade carried on in the early period of our nation's history, by coming in contact with the white races, his masters. The captivities of Israel give us many examples of the possibilities of individual advancement under slavery, in the lives of Daniel, in Babylon, and Joseph and Moses, in Egypt.

The slaves to whom I wish to call attention, are those who are slaves to their own habits. We have the slave to liquor, the slave to tobacco, the tea and coffee slave, and slaves to the appetite. There is the slave to fashion, the slave to society, and the slave that attends them, the slave to debt.

The particular slave to whom I wish to call attention, at this time, is the modern galley slave: the person who through lack of affirmation and energy, is fastened to his seat in the ship of retrogression by the chains of indolence, performing his forced task with reluctance; without advancement, to vary his daily monotony; each setting sun beholding him in the same position which he occupied on its rising.

Many young men are such slaves, who have been born and reared in comfortable circumstances, with the opportunity of gaining a good education and start in the world; who have average intelligence, yet, through lack of affirmation, have not advanced on the ladder of life above the bottom round. Such a one has ambition to advance, but expends no energy to realize that ambition. He has been content to exist from day to day without thought of the morrow, making no attempt to get out of the rut; and, as it is absolutely impossible to stand still, he gradually slips down and down, welding the chains of habit tightly around him. His days are spent in dreaming of what he would be, his nights in revelry, and probably carousal. Never a moment spent in the betterment of his intellect to fit him for the daily battle of life; so, when the crash comes, he finds himself battling with the waves of life, dragged down by shackles of his own welding.

In contrast, there is the young man who has been born under conditions no more favorable, who probably lacks the educational opportunities, but who possesses a determination to make every moment of his time count one in the sum of his existence. Playing or working, he is alive to the opportunity to gain some knowledge that may fit him for the better fight in the battle of life.

He is not content with merely putting in time, just enough to give his employer no cause to dispense with his services, but is ever watchful for the information that shall fit him for a step upward on the ladder, whenever the fellow above him steps up or drops off. His days are not spent in dreaming, nor his nights in

revelry, but he is found at all times drinking in that knowledge which will help him to "make good" when opportunity knocks at his door. Then, with affirmation and energy, he arises above his surroundings, as he marches upward and onward to have his name enrolled with the Daniels and Josephs, Washingtons and Lincolns.

Slavery is the condition of being circumscribed in our thought and action; of being in bondage to our appetites and habits, as well as to other men or conditions. Let us so live that every thought and action will keep us free from fetters; or, if we are already bound, help to unweld the chains which our habits and appetites have forged around us, that we may advance to the height which God would have us reach.

Forest Dale, Utah.

HEVERSHAM CHURCH, WHERE PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR WAS CHRISTENED.

Elder George A. Parry, writing from Preston, England, June 13, tells of a visit made by President Charles W. Penrose and wife, and several of the elders of the Liverpool conference, to Milnthorpe, in Westmoreland, the birthplace of the late President John Taylor. They also visited the Haversham church, in which he was christened nearly one hundred years ago. They saw the record of the christening, which bore the date of December 4, 1808. The accompanying picture presents a view of the Haversham church.



OXFORD AND THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

BY B. H. JACOBSON, B. A., INSTRUCTOR IN GERMAN AT THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS UNIVERSITY, FIRST RHODES SCHOLAR FROM UTAH.

The third Rhodes scholar from Utah will soon be leaving home to spend three years at one of the oldest and greatest universities in the world. Thus the plan of the great founder of



B. H. JACOBSON,
First Rhodes Scholar from Utah.

these scholarships is being slowly but steadily carried out. Only the future, however, will show whether the magnificent dream of Cecil Rhodes will come true. His dream was that of a re-united Anglo-Saxon race,—of an English speaking empire, able, if necessary, to *command* the peace of the world; for his ultimate aim was the establishment of Justice, the enthronement of Liberty, and the maintenance of Peace throughout the earth.

This was his Millennium, and he hoped to hasten its coming by doing something to remove causes for misunderstanding, quarreling and war among all who speak the English language, whether their home be Canada, the United States, South Africa, or Australia. Accordingly he founded about ninety scholarships for the most important British colonies, two for each state and territory of the United States, and finally five each year for the kindred

Teutonic nation of Germany. His thought was that the interchange of ideas and the living together for three years of this number of young men of promise, at a great institution of learning



ROBERT HARTLEY,
Second Rhodes Scholar from Utah.



FRANK. E. HOLMAN,
Third Rhodes Scholar from Utah.

in the mother country, would at least be instrumental in securing the much desired results. It must not be forgotten that the plan is not temporary but perpetual;—this number of young men are to enjoy the generosity of Cecil Rhodes as long as the English language shall be spoken.

The American scholarships amount to three hundred pounds, or nearly fifteen hundred dollars a year, and each one continues for three years. As expenses are high at Oxford, this sum is just about sufficient to enable one to live comfortably and respectably, and have a fair amount left for traveling during the vacations, providing a due degree of economy is exercised. To be eligible for one of these scholarships the applicant must be at least a sophomore in college, must be between nineteen and twenty-five years of age and unmarried, and must pass an examination in Greek, Latin and Elementary Mathematics.

Oxford is beyond question one of the most picturesque and

Oxford, from Magdalen Tower



General View of High Street and Some of the Oxford Colleges

interesting cities in Europe, and it is indeed a rare privilege to spend three years among its fine old colleges, replete with associations of great men and deeds, and to ramble during spare hours through the beautiful forests and over the green hills and meadows that surround this choice spot.



Magdalen College Tower, and the River Cherwell.

In a way, the University may be said to consist of twenty-two separate colleges, each with its own name, buildings, and set of instructors or "dons," as the undergraduate calls them. Here the students attend lectures, go to chapel, and do their studying. Not only this, but in the same buildings the students actually live during at least their first two years at the University.

The colleges are built in the form of hollow squares or quad-



A Quadrangle of Oriel College which Cecil Rhodes Attended.

angles, called "quads" for short. Many of them are very picturesque and of considerable architectural beauty. Some are several centuries old, and nearly all look much older than they really are, on account of the effects of the damp climate on the comparatively soft stone of which they are constructed. The English ivy, which almost covers many of the buildings, adds an indescribable charm and beauty, especially in the autumn, when the rich coloring is a delight to any appreciative eye.

At regular intervals along the sides of the "quad" are staircases with rooms on each side, each student having two rooms, termed his "sitter" and "bedder" respectively. These are looked after by servants, generally known as "scouts," and their

assistants; for it would be very debasing for any English college "gentleman" to set his hand to any menial task. Here the scout brings breakfast and luncheon, the latter usually a very light meal, from the college kitchen and "common room." The principal meal, dinner, all the students and tutors eat together in the college "hall," at one end of which is a low platform for the "high table," where the "dons" dine. The "hall" is always adorned with portraits of present and former illustrious members of the college.



Exeter College Dining Hall.

Each college has its chapel where short services are held twice a day. Students who are members of the Church of England are required to attend about five or six times a week. Others may go to a morning roll call instead. The chapels are often very beautiful, that of my own college, Exeter, being one of the best.

Every evening, shortly after nine o'clock, and as soon as "Old Tom," the giant bell in "Tom Tower" of Christ Church college, has tolled one hundred and one times, the gates are locked in most of the colleges; and after that, students cannot enter without



Exeter College Chapel.

incurring a small fine, the amount varying with the lateness of the hour. A student staying out of college over night without good excuse is pretty certain to be suspended during the remainder of that term.

The college terms of only eight weeks each, are but three in number, leaving more than half the year for vacations, which occur at Christmas, Easter, and during the summer. This makes it necessary to do a good deal of studying during these holidays. Nevertheless, the students, and particularly the Rhodes scholars, do considerable traveling and sight seeing, this forming, in fact, the most enjoyable and a very valuable part of a Rhodes scholar's experience.

The Briton, as is well known, is a great lover of outdoor sport, and the climate, especially where it is like that at Oxford, to some extent makes this a necessity. We therefore find college sports a very prominent feature in student life. The principal ones engaged in are rowing, rugby and association football, hockey, "beagling," golf, tennis, cricket, la-crosse, and track sports. "Beagling" is a sort of "hare and hounds" chase, and is excellent practice for the long distance runner. English football is not quite so rough as the American variety, but gives quite sufficient opportunity for skill and endurance.

English college sports are on the whole cleaner and better than in America. Nearly every one takes part, for, as is too often the case in our schools, athletics are not restricted to one or two dozen men, who perhaps need the exercise much less than the more unfortunate majority. Conditions there, it is true, make this general participation more easily possible than



Choir of Christ Church Cathedral.

with us. English students have a decided aversion to anything that smacks of professionalism in athletics. They play their games because they love them, and because they realize the importance and value of such sport, when properly carried on. The eminently British idea of fair play is ever present, and the trickery that sometimes disgraces American athletics is almost wholly absent.

In this connection, the excellence of the movement recently started in our midst, of establishing athletic clubs and gymnasiums, may fitly be referred to and commended; for this makes it easier for an ever larger number of young men to get the social and physical benefits to be derived from clean, healthful and pleasant exercise.

Rowing, the most prominent and characteristic sport of Oxford, deserves special mention. During the year, each college rows several "Fours," and one or two "Torpids" of eight men each, besides the college "Eight." The sport itself is of course an excellent one for developing almost all parts of the body, and the long and often unpleasant grind of preparation and training for the big races in the spring and early summer is pretty well paid for by the thrill and excitement as well as the honor of rowing the college boat, when the huge crowds of admiring friends come up to see these events. The "Trepid" and "Eights" races each last one week. The idea is for each boat to try to reach and "bump" the one ahead of it, in which case it takes its position one place nearer the much-coveted "head of the river," in the next race:

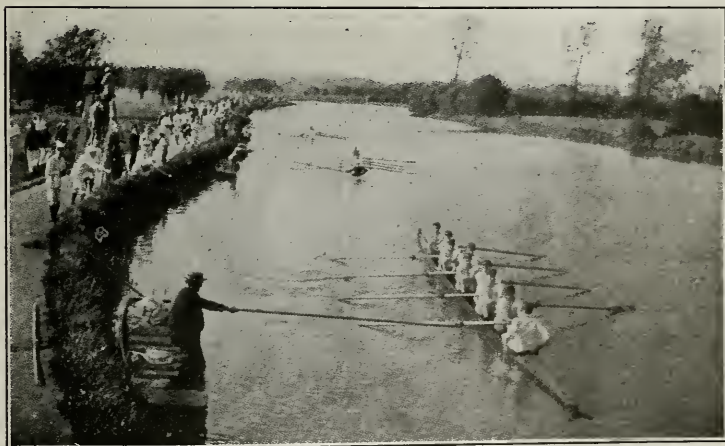


"Tom Tower," Christ Church College.

Instruction at Oxford is carried on by means of lectures and a limited amount of class recitation, and by private consultations with tutors, at which papers and questions are presented and discussed. There is thus a large amount of individual work, and a possibility of intimate contact and association with men usually of a very high degree of culture and scholarship.

There are two kinds of courses leading to the B. A. degree, "Pass courses," and "Honor courses," the latter being far the more extensive and rigid, and requiring a five or six day examination at the end of the entire course. These honor courses or "schools" as they are called, are quite narrow in their scope, but thorough. The student confines himself to one field, as history, classics, mathematics, a foreign language and its literature, and so on.

It is not to be implied that student life at Oxford is in all respects free from reproach. The very general habit of smoking, indulged in by "dons" as well as students, and the frequency of college "wines," at which intoxication is not at all uncommon, are of course objectionable features, nor is the moral atmosphere always what it should be. The student of sound and determined character, however, need not be influenced in the least by these



A Moment of Suspense—Waiting for the Starting Gun.



A "Bump" at the Barges.

things. The excellences, and the opportunities for acquiring culture and education, in their highest and most liberal sense, remain the crowning feature of Oxford life; and in conclusion let me call attention again to the excellent chance afforded by the Cecil Rhodes scholarships, and offer a word of encouragement to any young Latter-day Saint, especially, who may have a slumbering ambition for something of this nature; for, after all, the ideals and aims of the worldly-minded colonizer of South Africa were not so very far removed from some of the highest ideals and principles taught in our own faith.

Sugar House, Utah.

RECREATION.

From the prison of anxious thought that greed has builded,
 From the fetters that envy has wrought and pride has gilded,
 From the noise of the crowded ways and the fierce confusion,
 From the folly that wastes its days in a world of illusion,
 (Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes there!)
 I would escape and be free in the joy of the open air.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

HOW MAY A YOUNG MAN GAIN SUCCESS?

BY GEO. D. KIRBY.

There are so many elements of success that it will be possible in this article to touch upon only a few which the writer considers of major importance, such as ambition, confidence, honor, persistence, wisdom, etc.

If a young man lacks a purpose in life, he should decide upon having one and then stick to it, and so win out. "Be like the postage stamp, whose success depends upon its ability to *stick to one thing*, until the goal is attained!" The man who undertakes one thing today, another tomorrow, and the next day something else, is guilty of a serious mistake, for he wastes time and energy, neither of which can possibly be regained. We live only in the present, the past is gone, and the future,—ah, who can say what it holds for us? By the provisions of the Allwise Power, we are prevented from acquiring that knowledge, so it is necessary that we should concentrate our energies on the things of the present, trusting the future in the hands of him who knoweth what is best for us.

The ambitious young man will find the greatest happiness in doing that for which he originally possessed an instinct. A great many so-called "self-made" men have been very successful. They were frequently men who had no one to direct them in their early years, and the result was they naturally drifted into the line for which they were by nature most fitted. While I don't wish to decry the benefits which may come to a boy as the result of the influence and experience of his parents, many serious mistakes have been made, where the domestic influences were antagonistic to the successful carrying out of the work for which the boy was fitted, and had much to do with what was called later, his "non-success." For instance, it is the ambition of so many devoted parents to see their boys in positions where they will never come in contact with dirt or grease, that they insist in making a doctor or a preach-

er out of a boy, who would be happy and successful as a farmer or a machinist, were he permitted to follow his own inclinations.

It is one thing to obtain a position; it is another to keep it. Getting a position requires tact, forcefulness, and clearness of conversation; keeping it, is an art. When one starts to look for a position he must be possessed of certain qualities which are prone to be overlooked. I refer to cleanliness, tidiness and perspicuity. So much depends upon the first impression. Soiled hands, dirty nails, necktie twisted, and confused speech, are some of the faults that tend to destroy the chances. Dress neatly and plainly, for an employer considers a man rather foolish who apparels himself in extravagant clothes of the "loud" variety. Having secured your position, how shall you keep it? First, and always, by being absolutely and strictly honest, for honor and character are man's greatest promoters. They stimulate energy and promote confidence, both of which have great power in this struggle for success. When an employer discovers that he has an energetic man, in whom he can place absolute confidence, that man's future is a very promising one. A name that stands for character, that is synonymous with integrity, is the best advertisement on earth. The world is quick nowadays to find out anything said or done that is remarkable, or superior to the way it had formerly been done. There is no part of the business world so dark, but what the rays of a superior idea may penetrate, and the man who advances the idea will surely receive the reward he merits. Don't go about whining "there is no chance for me." Make the chance; merit does not wait for it. The man who receives lasting recognition above his fellows, receives it because he has merited it. Other means may succeed for awhile, may perhaps fool the whole world for a brief space, but merit only will introduce a man to success, and success and merit are always staunch friends.

Don't be afraid of trying to do more than is expected of you. This has been the cause of many a failure. The giving up of an hour's pleasure occasionally in order to complete a difficult task, does not escape an employer's notice, and lifts you up one more round on the ladder towards success. Some may think that constant work without any pleasure at all will make a man a drudge; so it would, if the man hadn't a love for his work, but with love it becomes a pleasure. Constant effort is the secret of success

every time. The old German inscription on a key, "If I rest, I rust," is as true of men as it is of the iron key. We cannot hope to get something for nothing, any more than we can expect to continue to make drafts upon the banks of our country, without depositing money. If we examine into the great lives, we will find that every laurel in their crowns was placed there by downright, honest, hard work.

Another very desirable qualification is that of common sense or judgment, and is frequently of more use to a man than anything else. Fra Elbertus has said, "The world reserves its big prizes for but one thing, and that is 'initiative.' By 'initiative' we mean doing the right thing without being told. Next to doing it without being told, *is to do it when we are told once.*" Employers want men who will do what they are told, in the way they are told. The employer has his capital and reputation at stake, and he wants men who will obey orders, men who will carry out instructions to the very letter. The failure or success of the business is a matter that concerns the employer more than it does the employee. If you have common sense, you are doing your employer's will in his way. If you have common sense you will succeed, because the mistakes which are made, if any, will not be yours.

Another essential is that of confidence. Some drive success away by their doubts, their fears, their lack of courage. "Thought, the master power," has formed within them habits which repel success conditions. They hold the failure thought, the doubt thought, the poverty thought, instead of clinging to the thought of abundance and success, until self-confidence is destroyed by the enemies of achievement. There is no strong purpose in their minds, and this condition *must be overcome* before success will crown their efforts.

"Last, but by no means least," to quote from James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad, "Remember that out of business hours, the home deserves the most of your attention. The employer feels an immediate confidence in a man or woman whose home is free from extravagance, enmity, contempt, wrath, strife, envy and opposition. Keep happiness in your home, and you will create strength and efficiency for your work."

Sugar City, Idaho.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IS SPECULATION A LEGITIMATE MEANS OF EARNING A LIVELIHOOD?

The question is asked by a young man who appears to be very earnest in his desire to learn the attitude, if any, which the Church has taken in regard to this subject.

What is speculation? In a good sense, it is investing in shares, lands, goods, etc., with expectation of obtaining legitimate dividends and other increases of value. If speculation under this definition is engaged in honestly and does not include unsound, dishonest and hazardous transactions, and so become gambling, it is legitimate, and the Church does not condemn it. All legitimate investments made in this way and in this sense, may be called speculation. The farmer when he sows seed, speculates upon the harvest. He is legitimately looking for increased returns just as the investor does who uses his money for the purchase of goods or stocks. The investment of means in manufacturing, mining, or other kinds of capital stocks is a personal speculation, and the safety or value of most kinds of stocks and of various enterprises depends upon proper management and the honesty of the officers; but the value of mining stocks, for the precious metals especially, depends upon whether or not the mineral is to be found and can be got out and marketed with profit. In the purchase of stocks for investment one may be said to speculate upon all these conditions.

However, speculation may easily degenerate into gambling, in which case the Church must and does condemn it. Gambling is to play for a stake or prize, using a variety of instruments and ways

according to certain rules. Investments in stocks degenerates into gambling when stocks are purchased with no thought of their intrinsic value as an investment, and solely for the purpose of betting what the price will be tomorrow. The difference between legitimate investment, which may be called speculation, in wheat, and gambling in wheat, is this: in the first instance both the purchaser and the seller have the wheat to handle. One buys and the other sells, the wheat is transferred. In the one case it is an honest, legitimate sale; in the other, a bonafide and legitimate purchase and investment. Speculation in this sense is a personal matter which the Church does not condemn. The same may be said of the purchase in like manner of all stocks, shares, land and other properties. It should be said, however, that no person should make any investment solely because this, that or the other man, in the Church or out, so called high or low, is interested. Investments are personal acts, and personal investigation and judgment should govern, not the fact that this or that man has invested.

In the second case, when gambling is employed, neither purchaser nor seller has any wheat. There is no intention to sell on the one hand, and none to invest on the other, because there is neither wheat to sell nor to purchase. It is a case of gambling on the price of wheat in the future—the loser pays the winner the difference between the price at the present time and the future price. This is gambling.

Gambling in stocks is no less gambling because it is stocks which is being dealt with, than is gambling for money, or for margins in wheat. Much of the daily buying and selling of mining stocks with a view to make money rapidly, with little if any thought of the value or desirability of the mines as an investment, is scarcely anything else than gambling. Certainly the greater number of such stock transactions comes under that title.

The Church does not approve of gambling but strongly condemns it as morally wrong, and classes also with this gambling, games of chance and lottery, of all kinds, and earnestly disapproves of any of its members engaging therein.

As to legitimate investments, our advice to everybody is that they use their best judgment and wisdom in investing their means

where it will not be lost, and, of course, that in all dealings they act honestly, and treat others as they would have others treat them.

In this connection, there can be no mistake about the fact that many of our young men—clerks, bookkeepers, and professional men and others, risk too much in the purchase of stocks, and especially mining stocks, of which they know nothing, and thus get into the habit that will in the end lead them into gambling and kindred evils. Members of the Church should guard against this and be careful that in their investments they do not encourage a spirit of gambling. True investment, call it speculation if you will, develops the material resources of the state; gives employment to men, and enriches the commonwealth. On the other hand, the daily buying and selling of stocks, mining and manufacturing, solely with the view to making money fast, and on the manipulated fluctuations of the market, is a species of gambling morally debasing, and without benefit to industry or trade.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

THE TRUTH.

"Above all Things Truth Beareth Away the Victory."

This striking sentence may serve as the class motto of the Junior Y. M. M. I. A. classes this season. It will be found in the very edifying piece of literature on this subject as given by the disputants before King Darius, which story runs through Esdras, chapters 3 and 4, in the Apocrypha. The motto, and the closing remarks of the winning disputant are used on the title leaf of the Junior Manual:

Great is the truth and stronger than all things. * * * It endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore. All the earth calleth upon the truth, and the heavens blesseth it: all works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing. * * * As for the truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things; and all men do well like of her works. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is

the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth. * * * * Great is truth, and mighty above all things.—
I Esdras 4: 35-41.

TRACING THE GENEALOGY OF ORDINATION.

Question:—"I was ordained to the office of an elder, receiving the Melchizedek Priesthood under the hands of Jacob Gates, who was a seventy. Later I was ordained to the office of a seventy under the hands of President Wilford Woodruff, and still later, to the office of a high priest under the hands of Apostle Heber J. Grant. Which line of ordination shall I trace in order to get the genealogy of my ordination complete?"

Answer:—Through the genealogy of Jacob Gates who originally conferred the priesthood upon you. In case the line of ordination cannot be traced through him, then, of course, either of the others will serve the purpose. The priesthood was conferred upon you by the first person who ordained you, and for that reason, he is the proper one through whom to have your genealogy traced.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elder Henry O. Poulsen, clerk of the Christiania conference, writes under date of May 14: "The work of the Lord is progressing nicely in this part of Norway. We have just completed the repainting of our hall. Our choir, which is considered the best in Christiania, draws a great many strangers to our meetings. For some time past our elders have met with considerable difficulty in disposing of their literature, and it has not been an uncommon experience for them to be driven out of their houses by our Christian friends, while tracting among them; but it is quite different now. The better classes, many of whom have visited our meetings, are beginning to look upon the Saints as an enlightened people, and we find little difficulty in getting them to accept our books and tracts. As a result those people who were once so bitter toward us are now beginning to consider the Latter-day Saints as Christians, which title, with the right to baptize, was denied us for a long time. We must say for the good people of Norway that when once they see the error of their course, they are not slow in changing, as most of those who visit our meetings cease their persecution, and many of them become our friends. As a result of the change in conditions, our progress has been very marked. During the past eight months there have been 74 baptisms in this conference, and under the present conditions we expect to see the number increased considerably in the next eight months. The elders are all enjoying the spirit of their calling, and feel encouraged over the prospects for the future. We look for a great work to be accomplished in this part of the vineyard." A portrait of the elders in that conference is given on the page following.



P. M. Andersen, C. O. Petersen, J. H. Johnsen, W. A. Jorgensen, J. R. Olsen, Jacob Petersen, A. E. Sorensen,
 O. E. Johnsen, O. F. Christensen, R. Rasmussen, H. Olsen, R. Johnsen, H. Daniels, F. C. Torkelsen, S. Christensen,
 N. Christensen, N. C. Skanechy, J. Ware, Jas. Jensen, H. M. Christensen, H. E. Aanodt, A. Christensen,
 J. H. Berg, H. O. Poulsen, Pres. E. C. Ekman, Pres. S. Rasmussen, J. E. Mickelsen, Pres. A. B. Larsen, L. J. Halling, Jr.
 Lester Nielsen, Nephi Hansen, Oliver Hansen, E. A. Olsen.

Elder Wingfield Watson, now past 80 years of age, was invited to speak at a regular evening service of the Church at Independence, Mo., June 21. He is the presiding high priest of the religious society founded by James J. Strang, commonly called Strangites, who left the Church after the troubles of Nauvoo. In a congregation of some one hundred persons, there were present, according to *Liahona* the *Elder's Journal*, representatives of four different religious societies, all of whom believe in the divinity of the Book of Mormon and the mission of the Prophet Joseph. This gave Elder Watson occasion to say:

"The Prophet Joseph Smith and his early followers proclaimed that the divided condition of Christendom was proof that the different sects were wrong, and now sectarian preachers can use the same argument with believers of the Book of Mormon. * * * * * And I think the time has come for the different factions who profess to believe in the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon to get together and investigate each other's claims." * * *

"The congregation," says *Liahona*, "listened to the aged speaker with marked attention and respect. He seemed much impressed by the spirit that prevailed, and his closing sentences were spoken with a voice broken by emotion. It is safe to say that from henceforth he will cherish feelings of respect for the elders and Saints from the west, and it seems likely that this sentiment will spread among his followers."

Recently the Church purchased a splendid building in London, with the object of converting it into a house for the headquarters of the London mission. It was built for a hotel, but owing to its having been erected in a district where the selling of liquor was not permitted, the hotel was not a success, because it could not continue in business without a bar. It had been unoccupied for some time, and was offered for sale at a low price. President Peterson of the London mission heard of it, and negotiations were entered into with President C. W. Penrose, of the European mission, and the Presidency of the Church, with the result that the Church decided to purchase the building. The elders have been at work to remodel it, and have erected a baptismal font, and seated and arranged the large hall for public worship. The building has also living rooms, and offices for the headquarters of the mission. The building was formerly known as the Markfield Hotel, Tuddenham, London, but its name has now been changed to the Deseret Hall. The property which the Church owns at No. 187 Farleigh Road is now for sale.

President Rufus K. Hardy, of the New Zealand mission, says, under date of Auckland, New Zealand, June 10:—"Noting in the February number of the *IMPROVEMENT ERA*, Vol. XI, a photograph of the Mutual Improvement association farthest north, I send a photograph of a Mutual Improvement association which was organized at Auckland, New Zealand, July 3, 1907, and which is, so far as we are aware, the Mutual Improvement association farthest south of the equator. This association extends many thanks to the *IMPROVEMENT ERA* for its generous gift to them of the Manuals 1897-98, which they have diligently studied and are now nearing the completion of. Officers of the association in the photograph are: President, Wilford Woolf; first counselor, Lawrence Jorgensen; second counselor,



M. I. A., AUCKLAND. THE ASSOCIATION OF THE EXTREME SOUTH.

Emma Ashmore; secretary, Mabel Smith; assistant secretary, Nellie Lee; chorister, L. S. Jorgensen; organist and class teacher, W. D. Ellis. At its organization, David P. Howells was president. Zion is truly spreading her borders, east, west, north and south, and the Mutual Improvement associations are certainly wielding a wonderful influence for good wherever they are established."

Elder H. L. Bywater writes from Chester, Cheshire, England, May 6: I have been laboring here in Chester (the "quiet city,") for the past two months. Chester is noted for its walls, its row of quaint houses, and picturesque streets, for its great antiquity, and its many Roman treasures, and hither come troops of visitors from all foreign lands and climes. It has a population of about 45,000. Here the assizes of the county are held, and the county business is transacted in the old Roman castle, where are also located the Cheshire Regiment. The unique effect of Chester is more largely due to the "Rows" than anything else. Other towns have walls, or portions thereof; other towns have half-timbered, and many, a gabled style of architecture so common in the city; but none of them have anything exactly corresponding to the wonderfully picturesque and peculiar "Rows" of Chester; nor have they a town completely surrounded by walls. The "Rows" are covered ways, raised the height of the ground-floors above the street level, and covered by the flooring of the story above. The fronts are open, protected by pillars, mostly of oak, black with age, some rough, some elaborately carved. At the back are lines of shops of all descriptions and degrees of importance. And the quaint effect is absolutely unmatched elsewhere. The upper fronts of the buildings are for the most part carved and paneled in ancient style. There are also many old picturesque houses and churches. One in particular, the St. John's church, with its ancient priory walls which still stand, was built in 689 by King Ethelred.

The city walls of Chester give one the clearest idea of the appearance and arrangement of the ancient fortified towns of England, which is possible to obtain in latter days. They are supposed to have been planned and executed in Saxon times. There is one part of these walls which antiquarians say belong to Septimus Severus, A. D. 200. The walls are in thickness about five to nine feet, and there is a path made on the top of them so that a person can walk all around the city. Another important place is the "King Charles' Tower," the place where he stood and witnessed his army defeated, September 24, 1645, on Rowton Moor. Also, we see the "Water Tower" which derives its name from the fact that in olden times the waters of the Dee came up to its walls with sufficient depth to enable vessels of considerable size to be moored thereto; there are iron rings which the king fixed in the masonry for that purpose. It is supposed that this tower was built in the fourteenth century, and rebuilt about the middle of the seventeenth. It is now used as a museum, and the ground adjoining has been turned into a tiny pleasure garden. Among the treasures in the garden are the pillars of a hypocaust, or vaulted apartment, from which the heat of a fire was anciently, by the Romans, distributed to the rooms above by means of earthen tubes. This method was used in public baths, and also in private homes. The people here are treating us very kindly and the gospel is spreading and growing.

SEVENTY'S COUNCIL TABLE.

BY B. H. ROBERTS, MEMBER OF THE FIRST COUNCIL.

The Following Questions Are Asked by the Sixty-Eighth Quorum of Seventy. 1. "Is it necessary to have witnesses to baptisms, if so, why?" Answer. We know of nothing in the written word that positively asserts that it is necessary to have witnesses to ordinary baptisms of the living. Certainly there were no witnesses to the baptism of the officer of Queen Candace's Court, except Philip who was on this occasion the administrator (See Acts, 8); and it may frequently occur with traveling elders that baptism without witnesses will take place. In the organized wards and stakes of Zion, however, baptism should only be performed with the knowledge and approval of the local, presiding authorities, and usually others will be present; but, as already stated, we know of no rule that absolutely requires witnesses to be present.

2. "If witnesses are necessary, why are they not recorded?" Answer. The fact that there is no absolute requirement for witnesses to be present in baptisms for the living, is doubtless the reason why no record of witnesses present is kept.

3. "Who may be witnesses as to priesthood," etc.? Answer. No provision is made for witnesses of any grade of priesthood.

4. "Is it proper that the place where the ordinance of baptism is to be performed should be dedicated before the baptism takes place?" Answer. There is nothing in the written word so far as we know that positively requires that the place where baptisms are performed for the living should be dedicated; but a beautiful custom has grown up in the Church, from the practice of the elders, of dedicating the place of baptism for the sacred rite to be enacted there, and we think it is worthy of all acceptance, and should be followed as a beautiful and appropriate custom in the Church.

A Series of Questions.—The one hundred and thirteenth quorum submits the following series of questions:

1. "Can a man be a president of a quorum of Seventy of which he is not a member?" Answer. No.

2. "Are not the seven presidents of the first quorum of Seventy also the local presidents of quorum number one?" Answer. Yes; only quorum number one is not a "local quorum."

3. "If the first seven presidents of Seventy are local presidents of quorum number one, why are they not selected from within that quorum's district? Or do the First (Seven) Presidents who live outside of the geographical limits of quorum number one become by some due process enrolled members in it, and continue to reside in some other quorum's district?"

This question is based on a misapprehension of the status of the first quorum

of Seventy. The first quorum may be said to have a double capacity. It is, of course, one of the numerous quorums of the Seventy, and in most respects resembles these quorums in its organization and in its duties; but it is also one of the three general presiding councils of the Church, having equal power and authority with the quorums of the Twelve, and in this respect it differs from the other quorums of the Seventy. Being one of the three general councils of the Church it is not a local quorum, and has no local quorum district. Its district is coextensive with the territory occupied by the Church. (See current *Seventy's Year Book*, p. 9. Letter of the First Presidency, paragraph 2.)

At present the membership of the first quorum and presidency is made up of the senior presidents of the first sixty-three quorums, and the First Council of Seventy, who preside over the first quorum, and besides that have a general presidency over all the other quorums of Seventy in the Church. If these facts, relative to the first quorum, are kept in mind, the apparent inconsistency suggested in the above questions will disappear.

Important Suggestions.—We call attention of presidents of quorums and of class teachers to the following suggestions made by Elder John Henry Evans of Salt Lake City and one of the quorum of Seventy, addressed to the editor of the "Table."

DRAR BROTHER:—Will you permit me to commend a feature of the "Seventy's Manual," and to make a suggestion concerning the next year book?

One of the best things in our course, it seems to me, is that part which provides for short discourses, together with those few, but helpful, hints about discourse-making. If properly carried out, this part forms one of the most beneficial exercises that could be devised for our seventies. I should therefore like to see this part of the Manual, not only continued in the next, but increased in amount. If it is possible, I should like to see the material for the lessons broken up into topics that would be convenient for short discourses and the topical method of instruction encouraged. At present, I think the teachers do too much of the talking.

During the course of our present study, I have kept close tab on the manner in which at least one quorum of seventy present the lessons. And my observation leads me to the conclusion that one of the most needful things just now is a course of study in the rudiments of English. The wabbly efforts of many of our good brethren to express their thoughts, their inability to discriminate between what is important and what is not important in a discourse, their bad grammar and pronunciation, and similar improper methods of presentation—should not these things have some attention in our manuals? I am strongly of the opinion that for the most part the generality of our seventies need manner as much as matter. Should not the Manual give them more of the former?

Now, on this I have a suggestion to make, based on my experience with a missionary class at the L. D. S. University, for three months last year. It is this: Let material be incorporated in the Manual on the grammar and rhetoric of discourse. First, there could be something on the whole discourse—for example, that it must have a beginning, a middle, and an end—at least an *end*; together with some general principles of unity, mass, and coherence. This might be followed up with some exercises in narration, exposition, and argumentation, taken from general literature, and followed with original oral composition based on the Manual. After this, some attention, probably a good deal, might be given to the structure of the sentence and to usage in the matter of words, synonyms, etc.

I am sure that there is nothing which will teach one the importance of work-

ing up to a point better than an anecdote or a short story. Last year at the University I started the class out with a simple narration that would take probably only one minute or two to tell. This was always selected from the classics. The details were pointed out in class and their value on the climax shown. Then longer and more or less complex narratives were assigned. All these were to emphasize form and the ordering of details. Then came exercises in simple and complex narration requiring invention. In the same way we went through exposition and argumentation.

There could be gotten out a graded course in English suitable for Seventies, which could run through several years if thought necessary, and which would set them on their way towards a really good and useful English education. Fifteen or twenty minutes of a Sunday morning, or at most thirty minutes, would be sufficient time in which to conduct the work, and it should be so simple that "a way-faring man" might not "err therein."

Comment on the Foregoing Suggestions.—We call attention to the foregoing recommendations of Elder Evans for other reasons than the intrinsic value contained in the suggestions themselves; namely, we desire to express the wish that our brethren of the Seventy's quorums, instead of contenting themselves with asking questions would do as Elder Evans has done—offer us suggestions in our work; and instead of being mere questioners that more of them would turn in and work on the positive side of things. Give out ideas instead of eternally begging for ideas. Be fountains instead of mere ponds. View the trend of our work as it develops, and make us helpful suggestions as to how we can better things. Put yourselves in an attitude of mind that will make you part of the driving force of our machinery. Be among those who tell us how, rather than among those who ask us why. The Table will gladly give place to helpful suggestions as we do to these contained in the communication here commented upon. Relative to the enlargement of parts of the Manual commended by Elder Evans in our Year Book, we would say that while suggestions on constructing discourses will doubtless be continued for some time in our Year Books, yet we cannot see how we shall be able to enlarge very much on the matter, and think likely that the requirements of the quorums in this respect can be better met by the recommendation of some primary work on English to be studied on the side, rather than by attempting to carry a graded course in connection with our theological course in the Year Book. The First Council, however, will gladly receive and consider suggestions upon this subject that may be submitted to them by the presidents or class teachers. Let us hear from you, brethren, on these and any other subjects on which you have suggestions to make.

Courtesy to other Quorums — "Finally, * * * * be courteous." Such the admonition of Peter to the Church in his day, and indeed it is an admonition that will hold good for all time among all sorts and conditions of men, since to be courteous means to manifest well bred kindness and consideration towards others. It is a word representing a natural product of the spirit of the gospel. It should be constantly practiced until it becomes habitual. It is this quality of character that distinguishes the man of cultivated mind and habits from the ignorant boor. It measures the distance between the barbarian and civilized man. It is the quality which smooths the rugged path of intercourse between men of different

opinions and pursuits in life—pursuits which so often create different viewpoints on many important affairs in life. Courtesy is born of the spirit that makes for peace rather than war. If it were represented by plants it would be the olive branch instead of the thistle. It is the “open sesame” to all society worth while. No one can long resist the polite approaches of the really courteous man. No wonder, then, that Peter in summing up the qualities which should characterize a Christian people said: “Finally, * * * * be courteous.” Courtesy is a quality of character to be exercised not alone towards those whom we may think deserve it; but to the undeserving as well. “Use every man after his desert and who shall ‘scape whipping?’” To paraphrase Hamlet, Men should be used not as they deserve, perhaps, but after one’s own honor and dignity: the less they deserve the more merit is in the bounty of courtesy extended to them. If this quality of conduct is to be followed, as we think it is, in one’s intercourse with all men, how much more ought it to characterize conduct between brethren—men of the household of faith, men having a common end in view—the declaration of the truths God has revealed to the Church, to all the world, and the perfecting of the lives of those who receive that truth—to brethren of the same priesthood, albeit following different callings in that priesthood—to such, how timely the admonition of this, “Finally, be courteous!” We would have our Seventies excel in the possession and exercise of this quality. After love toward God and love for fellow men, we would say, Brethren, be courteous; and, indeed, if the two former laws be even approximately perfected in men, they will lead to the fulfilment of Peter’s admonition. For it is not difficult to be courteous to those whom we love. To be more specific, brethren, we would admonish you to the exercise of this quality of character in your associations with the other quorums of the priesthood. If you have a special exercise, for example if there is to be a discourse on some of the subjects suggested in your Year Book, and for which special preparation has been made,—why not extend an invitation to some of the brethren of the Elders quorum or members of the High Priest’s quorum, or the Bishopric of the Ward, members of the High Council, or members of the Priest’s quorum—to be present and enjoy that exercise? Let us cultivate the spirit of friendship one with another. Because we are of different callings in the priesthood it does not follow that we should be estranged from our brethren. Closer fellowship is what we seek. Mutual helpfulness between all the quorums. The habitual willingness to share one with another the good things we have. Does the bishop visit your quorum? Extend to him a most royal welcome. Does the Stake Presidency call upon you, or members of the High Council? Be glad that it is so, and give them a most courteous welcome. Do the Presidency of the Elders quorums or some of the members express a desire to visit your class meeting? Make them entirely welcome. Have these visiting brethren suggestions to make? Listen to them attentively and profit by what they offer. Let no body of men in the Church excel you in the matter of courtesy, either as individuals or as an organization. It is most fitting that a body of men upon whom primarily rests the direct responsibility of proclaiming the gospel to the world should cultivate this Christian grace of courtesy. Since they must needs practice it when pursuing their calling, it should become habitual with them. Heed, then, this scripture, brethren, and “Finally, * * * * be courteous.”

MUTUAL WORK.

FOR MUTUAL OFFICERS.

A circular of instructions in regard to the Fall Conventions of the Y. M. M. I. A. will be issued early in August. Until then, in making arrangements for the Conventions, officers will follow the advice given in the circular of last year, found on pages 920-3, Vol. X, ERA. The program and circular for this year will appear in the September number of the ERA. The Reading Course for this season is announced in both the Senior and Junior manuals for the present season, which are now in print ready for distribution. The Reading Course books will also be named in the September number of the ERA. This season's manuals for the special use of officers, the two bound in one book, in a limp-cloth binding, may be obtained from the ERA office on receipt of price, 75 cents. This makes also a very valuable and instructive book both for members of our associations and the general reader, especially suitable for home reading. We request our officers to be loyal, and to order the manuals, as well as the reading course books, through the office of the General Secretary Y. M. M. I. A.

Y. M. M. I. A. STATISTICS.

It appears from the General Secretary's annual report presented to the Convention at the June conference that there are 628 associations with a permanent enrollment of 33,617 members. There are 22,217 active members; and in the 12,107 regular weekly meetings held there was an average attendance of 14,537, an increase of 2,143 over last year. There are 1,074 members away from home attending school, and 1,042 members on foreign missions. During the season, 685 public lectures were delivered, and 12,107 regular weekly meetings were held, with a total of all meetings of 23,094. The number of members who read any or all of the Reading Course books prescribed for last year is 1,635, an increase of 885 over last year. The large number of 15,181 was given of men of mutual age who are not identified with the Y. M. M. I. A.

NEW SUPERINTENDENTS.

Edwin LeRoy Harrison was appointed and sustained as the Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Pocatello Stake of Zion, at a conference held at Rockland, Oneida county, on the 20th day of June. In Provo, on July 12, Joseph A. Buttle was sustained as Superintendent of Utah Stake, with H. C. Jex, and Ray Maycock, counsellors.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Senator Smoot Goes to Europe.—Senator Reed Smoot left Utah on the 12th of July to sail for Europe in a few days, to study forestry-science and practice, and to report on the same to the United States government. France, Germany and Switzerland will be the chief fields of study. In all probability he will also visit Russia if time permits.

Important Events.—On June 29, the Swiss Arrow Club balloon, *Cognac*, succeeded in crossing the Alps; Thomas Lipton decided to challenge again for *America's Cup*; the Equitable Life Assurance Society filed plans for a 62-story building on Broadway, New York; the funeral of Ex-president Cleveland was held at Princeton, N. J., on June 26; and Murat Halstead, veteran journalist, died at Cincinnati, July 2; Luke E. Wright succeeded Wm. H. Taft as Secretary of War, July 1, when he took the oath of office.

The Fleet Leaves San Francisco.—At 2 o'clock on July 7, the great American Atlantic fleet under command of Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry left the port at San Francisco on its return journey around the world by way of the Pacific Ocean and the Suez Canal. More than 12,700 enlisted men are on the ships, and nearly 350,000 indicated horsepower is represented in the ships. They will plow the seas and carry our flag to the leading ports of the world. Thousands of people witnessed the departure of the battle-ships which left silently and with little ceremony, on their way to Honolulu.

The Right Kind of Postal Cards to Send to Your Friends.—The Bureau of Information has received a souvenir postal-card album of the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith, at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. The album consists of a series of twelve postal-cards neatly bound in a paper cover and containing artistic views of the White River valley, ruins of the old homestead, the monument, the memorial cottage grounds, the cottage entrance, the old hearthstone, the lily pond, a view of the woods, and of South Royalton village. No more beautiful souvenir could be presented to a friend to enlighten him upon the beauties of the country immediately surrounding the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph,

and the green hills of Vermont.—Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City, Utah, price 25 cents, or 30 cents by mail.

Republican Platform.—The platform of the Republican party paid a tribute to President Roosevelt's achievements, declared allegiance to the policies which he had inaugurated, and pledged their continuance under the Republican administration of the government. Among other things that it favors are: A revision of the tariff by a special session of Congress, immediately after the inauguration of the next president, with maximum and minimum schedules; postal savings-banks; the amendment of the anti-trust and interstate commerce laws; the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as separate states; the celebration of Lincoln's one hundredth anniversary, on February 12, 1909, by all the people throughout the nation, and especially by the public schools; and it declares for a more definite law on the rules of procedure for the issuance of injunctions by the federal courts.

National Democratic Platform.—The Democratic National Convention adopted a platform demanding, among other things, economy in every department of the national administration; federal legislation providing for campaign publicity; declaring against centralization of power; demanding tariff reform, and such legislation as would increase the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission; favoring an income tax and an eight-hour day on all government works; an employees' liability act; a generous pension policy; and the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as separate states of the Union; laws for the conservation of the country's natural resources; the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as stable government can be established; territorial government for Alaska and Porto Rico; also the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

Death of a Pioneer.—The widow of Parley P. Pratt, Ann Agatha Pratt, died at her home in Ogden, Utah, after a lingering illness, on the morning of June 26. She had resided in Utah since 1847, having arrived in the Salt Lake valley that year, on the 28th of September, crossing the plains with an ox team which she drove the entire distance. She is said to have been the first woman to perform such service. She is also said to have been the first white woman to ride up and down Parley's Canyon, named for her husband. She was the daughter of William Gibson and Mary G. Walker, and was born at Leith, Staffordshire, England, June 11, 1829. She was baptized into the Church, July 18, 1843, and came to America in January, 1847. She was a woman of many noble qualities, active in Church work, and for many years was president of the Relief Society of the 19th Ward, Salt Lake City; and also secretary of the First Ward Society, in Ogden, for many years.

New Secretary of War.—Luke E. Wright, former Governor-General of the Philippines, was appointed to succeed Secretary Taft as head of the War department, on June 30. Mr. Wright is a native of Tennessee. He was formerly a captain in the Confederate army, and served on the Philippine Commission for

four years. He became Vice-Governor and then Governor-General of the Philippines, and finally was selected as the first American Ambassador to Japan. He is a gold Democrat, and his appointment is the first instance where the President has gone outside of the lines of his own party in selecting a member of his cabinet, since Grover Cleveland made Walter Q. Gresham Secretary of State, in 1893. The purpose of his appointment was undoubtedly to break the solid south, as the official statement from the White House said: "In appointing Mr. Wright, the President was influenced somewhat by the desire to recognize in an emphatic way the fact that there is no longer any dividing line between the north and the south; that all good Americans are in thought and deed one."

Utah is Again Distinguished.—At the Republican National Convention, held in Chicago, June 16-20, Mrs. Lucy A. Rice Clark had the distinction of being the one accredited woman delegate. In the absence of Senator C. E. Loose of Provo, the regular delegate, she, being an alternate, was given the place in the Convention. Mrs. Clark was born in Farmington, Utah, in 1850, and has been active in politics for a number of years. Her residence is in Garfield, and she was elected from Box Elder County. She is the mother of eleven children and has eleven grand children. The papers all over the United States have made very favorable comment over "the one woman delegate from Utah who is an ardent suffragist." It is the general opinion that the cause of women suffrage in this country received a perceptible impetus from her presence in the great National Republican Convention. In 1900, Utah had a woman delegate at the Democratic Convention, at Kansas City; aside from this, Mrs. Clark holds the unique position of being the first woman delegate to sit in one of the great party conventions. Her bearing and general dignified demeanor was a great help to the woman's cause, and her presence in the great convention, a distinct credit to her native state.

Race Track Gambling Ended in New York.—On the 11th of June, race track gambling was made a felony in New York, punishable by a year's imprisonment. On that date a bill abolishing race-track gambling was enacted by the legislature. The struggle leading up to this result was one of the most memorable in the political history of the state. Governor Hughes took an active part in the bill's passage. The bill passed the Assembly in the regular session, but was defeated in the Senate by a tie vote. Governor Hughes then called a special session of the Legislature to consider the measure. In the meantime a vacant seat in the Senate had been filled by the choice of a senator who was in favor of the bill. In the special session, if each senator voted as before, this would make the passage of the bill certain, except for the fact that one of the Governor's supporters, Senator Foelker, of Brooklyn, was disabled by serious illness and a surgical operation, and for days it was uncertain whether he could go to Albany to vote. He did so, at last, against the advice of his physician, at great personal risk, and the race track gambling bills passed the Senate by a vote of 26 to 25. The law went into effect at once and arrests were made under it the very next day. Governor Hughes wrote to Foelker, "Your courageous performance of duty at so

grave a risk, deserves the highest praise, and will long be pointed to as a fine illustration of fidelity and patriotic devotion to the interests of the state."

A Boosting Excursion—The Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association of Salt Lake City, and the State Agricultural college, arranged a conjoint excursion to Nephi on Friday, July 10. Some four hundred people went from Salt Lake City and intermediate places. The day was spent in Nephi at the experimental dry farm, on the south of that city. A lunch was provided on the farm, and immediately thereafter the excursionists were divided into parties, and took a trip over the farm, Dr. John A. Widtsoe and Prof. L. A. Merrill and others gave practical advice on arid farming with explanations of the various varieties of wheat and grass and other growing matter to the interested crowds that followed them. Some five hundred varieties of grass, grain and vegetables are growing on the farm, located in a burning desert. Hundreds of acres of wheatfields lay beautifully green in the vicinity, which will produce from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre. The excursionists held a meeting in the Tabernacle at 4 o'clock, at which Dr. Widtsoe, Hon. John Henry Smith, Lon. J. Haddock, secretary of the M. and M. A., President George S. McCallister, of the M. and M., and Governor John C. Cutler, gave enthusiastic speeches on the industries, the farms and the manufacturing establishments of our state. An address of welcome by President Winn of the Nephi Commercial Club, made the visitors feel at home. The purpose of the excursion, namely, to boost for home manufacture, and to enlighten the people on the value of arid farming, was well served.

Democratic Nominee for President of the United States.—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, was nominated for the third time for the office of President of the United States, at the Democratic National Convention assembled



WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

in Denver, July 8. The convention was in session all night of July 9, and at 3:40 o'clock on the morning of July 10, the nomination was made, and Mr. Bryan declared the Democratic Standard bearer. Mr. Bryan received 892½ votes, Governor John A. Johnson, 46; Judge George Gray 59½; absent or not voted 8, total, 1,006. The result of the nomination was received with wild demonstrations, equaling in turbulence, if not in duration, the display which was made on Wednesday afternoon, when the Convention was one of continuous wild cheering for Bryan which lasted for an hour and a half.

John W. Kern, of Indiana, was chosen nominee for Vice-president. Through the efforts of Judge William H. King, and other Utah delegates, the anti-"Mormon" plank which Senator Dubois of Idaho sought to have inserted in the platform, was defeated. Delegate S. S. Smith, of Utah, succeeded in having inserted the Good Roads plank.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland.—On the 24th of June, Ex-President Grover Cleveland died of a complication of diseases at his home in Princeton, New Jersey. He was the 22nd president of the United States, and was born at



GROVER CLEVELAND.

Caldwell, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. In 1881, having acquired an excellent position as a lawyer, he was elected mayor of Buffalo, New York. The year following he was elected Governor, by the Democrats of New York state, and on November 4, 1884, having previously been nominated by the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, he was elected President of the United States. He was re-elected for a second term in 1892. While in the White House, he was married June 2, 1886, to Miss Frances Folsom, who, with four children, survives him. Civil service and tariff reform were strongly advocated by him during his term of office. At his funeral, which occurred on the 26th of June, there was no military display, no sermon and no eulogy. The services were very simple. Ex-president Cleveland was considered one of the strong characters of the United States,

President Roosevelt, said to have been the only person who shed a tear at his funeral, declared in a proclamation, on hearing of his death:

In his death the nation has been deprived of one of its greatest citizens. By profession a lawyer, his chief services to his country were rendered during a long, varied and honorable career in public life. As Mayor of his city, as Governor of his State, and twice as President, he showed signal power as an administrator, coupled with entire devotion to the country's good, and a courage that quailed before no hostility when once he was convinced where his duty lay. Since his retirement from the presidency, he has continued well and faithfully to serve his countrymen by the simplicity, dignity and uprightness of his private life.

Governor Hughes of New York, in a similar proclamation, said:

He personified civic virtue and exalted the ideal of public office as a public trust. Firm, resolute, incorruptible, unseduced by flattery and unshaken by fear, just and tenacious of conviction, he enriched the nation with a noble example of strength and fidelity.

Thousands of messages of condolence were received by Mrs. Cleveland, and many leading characters of the nation expressed deep sorrow at his demise. Secretary Taft said that "Ex-president Cleveland had the highest civic ideals, a rugged honesty and a high courage. He is revered, loved and respected by his countrymen."

Vice-president Fairbanks spoke of Mr. Cleveland as the "very best type of a public servant and a private citizen. His influence was always for good." Speaker Cannon called him "one of our greatest presidents." Secretary Straus said, "He was one of the great fathers of the republic, a mighty giant of political righteousness." Secretary Cortelyou said he knew of "no man in our history more

unflinching in the performance of what he believed to be his duty," and Mr. Bryan is quoted as saying that "he was one of the strongest characters known to the political world during the present generation."

Mr. Cleveland was president when Utah was admitted to the Union, and one of the most valuable documents on file in our state archives is his proclamation admitting Utah to statehood. Mr. Cleveland was buried in the Princeton cemetery, and his grave is by the side of his beloved daughter Ruth's.

Republican Nominees for President and Vice-President.—William H. Taft, of Ohio, was named on the first ballot, taken on the third day of the National Republican Convention, as nominee of the Republican party for President of the United States. The convention assembled at Chicago from the 16th to the 20th of June. The vote stood as follows: Taft 702; Knox 68; Hughes 67, Cannon 50; La Follette 25; Fairbanks 40; Foraker 15; Roosevelt 3, absent 1; total 980 delegates.



WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Senator Burrows was temporary chairman, and Senator Lodge, Massachusetts, permanent chairman. When the latter in his speech described President Roosevelt as "the best abused and most popular man in the United States," the convention and spectators applauded and cheered for forty-seven minutes.

Mr. Taft, who is in his 51st year, possesses many qualifications for office, and has an attractive personality. Since February 5, 1900, when President McKinley ap-

pointed him chairman of a commission to inaugurate a civil government in the Philippines, he has been one of the most prominent characters in the government of the United States. Prior to that time, 1892-1900, he was Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit Court of Ohio. He was appointed Civil Governor of the Philippines, in 1901, and his history from that time on is well known to every reader in the land. He succeeded Mr. Root as Secretary of War in 1904, which office he has now resigned. The *San Francisco Chronicle* characterizes him as: "A candidate whose personal and political virtues have commended him not only to America but to the world." The *Washington Post* says: "The Republican party has nominated its strongest man." The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* considers him "peculiarly the man to take up the constructive work which Mr. Roosevelt has made possible, and thus to carry on the debated policies with a safe and sound conservatism that will re-establish confidence and win support."

Mr. James Schoolcraft Sherman, of Utica, New York, was chosen Republican nominee for Vice-President, on June 19. He is an excellent parliamentarian. He received 816 votes on the first ballot, and the nomination of Mr. Taft as well as that of Mr. Sherman, was made unanimous.

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